

Announcement by Food Controller Following Conference with All Branches of the Trade—Licensing Optional with Mills of Capacity Between 50 and 100 Barrels Per Day—Standard Grades to Represent Higher Extraction Than White Flour in Use—Maximum Cash Prices—Net Profit of Millers to be 25c on Barrel of 196 Pounds.

(By Morning Bulletin Leased Wire)
OTTAWA, Oct. 5.—After Novem-

millers will be net 15 cents of Canadian millers will be limited to a maximum average of 25 cents on the milling of flour of 196 pounds and the flour produced in connection with such mill will be sold to the government controller. Inade this announcement to night, as the outcome of several conferences with representatives of all millers in the province, it was decided that the mill with a capacity of 100 barrels of flour or more per day must take the flour prices will be set from time to time.

Such prices will be f.o.b. cars on track at point of delivery or the equivalent. The miller, however, Sanford Evans has been appointed by Mr. Hanna to supervise the carrying out of the arrangement with the government. It is stated that the latter has been named to act in an advisory character to the food controller, and that the government it is expected that sufficient information will be on hand for the food

Mr. Hanna also stated that he

[illegible]

LESSENED CRIME IN ALBERTA BY FIFTY P.C. OVER PREVIOUS YEAR

Figures Compiled by Inspector W. F. Gold Give Striking Proof of Effectiveness of Act in Bettering Community—Testimonials from Churches, Wholesale Houses and Banks Are All Along the Same Line.

Conclusive proof of the effectiveness of the prohibition legislation of the Al-
marked. Due in part prosperity and prohibition. Testimonials from the bank reports

	1915.	New Act
All offences	2765	1663
Lethbridge	100	100
Edmonton	374	78
Vancouver	1230	844
Calgary	182	14

all offenses	759	566
Drunk	431	216
Medicine	57	26
Medicine Italy	57	26
All offenses	288	408
Drunk	17	17
Medicine	17	8
Medicine Italy	17	8

In a table making comparisons between the license and prohibition areas, decreases in general offenses, ranging from 44 per cent to 49 per cent, are given from 1914 to 1915 per year.

Figures are given to show a similar decrease in crime in town, village and rural municipalities, proving the beneficial effects of the act in the country, as well as in the cities.

By Morning Bulletin, London, England, 1915.

[illegible]

Questions Submitted

The following questions were submitted to each branch bank received earlier:

1. Increased deposits. What are the reasons?

[illegible]

now being paid. Banks distinctly
state this is due to prohibition.
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sport says credit restored. Greater
sumptitude in payment of notes very

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ONTARIO INDIANS PROVE LOYALTY

Reject Motion to Ask Exemption
—Demand Made for the Franchise

PETERBORO, Ont., Oct. 5.—By rejecting by a large majority the motion to ask exemption from the provisions of the Military Service Act, the Indians of Ontario, in a grand council assembled, though awaiting under the sting of the withholding of the franchise, gave new proof of their unfailing loyalty to the British crown.

After discussion of their relations to the government and the war, the above action was taken, and also a demand was made for the franchise, so long withheld and considered due by national right and by military service, it being stated that 1,500 Indians are now bearing arms for Canada overseas.

MINERS WIN FIGHT

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Bitterness cost miners of the Central competitive field won their fight for a general wage increase tonight, when operators and miners' representatives by conference here reached a compromise agreement on the terms of the new contract. The agreement presages a wage raise throughout the industry, since the central field was the basis for all other districts and a consequent advance in the fixed price for coal.

SUNDAY SERVICE WILL BE IN OPERATION ON THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day Service

First car from Bucking Plank, 6:15, 6:30, and every 15 minutes.
First car from 124th St. and 18th Ave. 6:22, 6:37, and every 15 minutes.
First car from 101st St. and Jasper Ave. to Plant, 6:30, 6:15, and every 15 minutes.
First car from 101st St. and Jasper to 124th St. and 18th Ave. 6:55, 6:10, and every 15 minutes.
First car from 107th Ave. and 124th St. to Plant, 6:30, 6:37, and every fifteen minutes.
First car from Highlands, 6:30, 7:20, 7:40, and every 20 minutes.
First car from 124th St. and 107th Ave. to Nelson, 7:22, 6:35 and every 20 minutes.
First car from 101st St. and Jasper to Highlands, 7:37, 6:17, and every 20 minutes.
First car from 101st St. and Jasper to 107th Ave. and 124th St. 7:40, 7:50, 7:55, and every 20 minutes.
First car from 11th Ave. via 92nd St. High Level, 6:42, 6:22, 7:37, and every 20 minutes.
First car from 92nd St. and Whyte Ave. via High Level, 6:32, 6:52, 7:12, 7:32, and every 20 minutes.
First car from 92nd St. and Whyte Ave. via Low Level, 7:27, 7:47, 8:07, 8:27, and every 20 minutes.
First car from Bonnie Brook, 7:05, 7:25, 8:02, 8:22, and every 20 minutes.
First car from McKernan's Lake, 8:20, 1:20, 2:20, 6:20, 7:20, 10:20 and 11:20.
First car from 142nd St. 8:25, 10:35, 11:37, and every hour until 10:37.
First car from 97th St. and Jasper to McKernan's Lake, 1:50, 5:50, 9:50, 10:50.
Regular weekday time on Calder and Spruce Ave.
Usual midday cars from 101st St. and Jasper Ave.

NEW LAGES SCALE FOR LAKES SEAMEN

CLIVELAND, Oct. 5.—At a meeting of the wage scale committee of the Lake Carriers' Association, a schedule effective from October 1, calling for an advance all along the line, has been adopted. The new schedule is by far the highest ever paid on the lakes and is much higher than the scale paid on the coast.

The minimum wage scale per month is recommended for all vessels in the membership of the association will be as follows:
Master, \$180; stewards on vessels over 4,000 gross tons, \$130; stewards on vessels under 4,000 gross tons, \$115; second cook, \$75; waiter, \$60; porter, \$50; fireman, oiler and water tender, \$55; watchman and lander, \$45; ordinary seamen, \$40; cook, \$35; janitor, \$30.

KILLED IN FIGHT WITH TROOPS
BUNNIVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Several persons were killed or wounded tonight in a fight between British and German soldiers at Tull Veld. A demonstration in favor of neutrality, which had been arranged for tomorrow has been forbidden by the government because there are insufficient forces to maintain law order.

PRISONER IN TURKEY

TORONTO, Oct. 5.—A cable from the British embassy in Constantinople contains the information that Capt. Hugh A. H. of the Royal Naval Air Service, who was reported missing since September 25, had been made a prisoner in Turkey.

DENTISTS EVOLVE TRENCH MOUTH CURE

Militia Department Positively Denies Reported Shortage with Forces in France

OTTAWA, Oct. 5.—The militia department has issued a positive denial to the statement which appeared in the press some days ago that the Canadian forces in France are inadequately supplied with dentists, and that much suffering has been caused to the men because of this. On the contrary, it is said at the department, the most excellent dental corps overseas, which now consists of 210 officers and 345 warrant officers, N. C. O.'s and men, is a most efficient organization and has done work of the greatest value, especially in combating the disease known as "trench mouth."

The research of the Canadian dentists in connection with evolving a cure for this disease has, it is said, proven most important, but to the whole the dentition forces, not only the British army.

ASK GOVT. AID FOR TEACHING FRENCH

MONTREAL, Oct. 5.—In view of the generally recognized importance of having the French language taught in the Protestant schools of the province of Quebec, the association of Protestant teachers of Quebec decided at its annual meeting in this city, to secure the services of a director of French for the Protestant schools and the legislature will be asked for a grant to finance the project.

CALL TO S. & P. PREACHERS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—The food administration yesterday sent out letters to heads of all churches asking that they encourage thousands of persons to be preached on October 21, in behalf of the Red Cross.

MISSOURI PACIFIC TO CONTROL
NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—With the announcement here of the resignation of H. V. Muller, a president and director of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, and the election of E. L. Brown, former vice-president, as his successor, it became known that changes in the directorate of the road are contemplated which, it is understood, will give the Missouri Pacific interest a dominant position in the control of the road.

\$12,000 FOR MCGILL STADIUM

MONTREAL, N. Y., Oct. 5.—The late Captain Percival Molson left \$12,000 towards meeting the cost of the construction of the McGill University stadium, during his college career. Captain Molson was prominent both in track and football activities and was captain of the track team in his senior year (1915). The year of the memorial's Oxford-Cambridge-Toronto-McGill meet.

LEONARD KNOCKS OFF MORAN

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, knocked out Vic Moran of New Orleans here tonight in the second round of a ten-round bout. When the bell ended the second round Moran was lying helpless on the floor from a right hand across to the jaw. His seconds threw up the sponge to save him from further punishment, when the gong sounded for the third round. Leonard weighed 132½.

EDMONTON BULLETIN

FINAL CHAPTER IN UNWRITTEN LAW CASE

LONDON, Oct. 5.—Lieutenant Douglas Malcolm, who recently was acquitted of the murder of Anton Baumberg, a pseudo count, has been re-appointed to his position on headquarters staff of the British army to the standard, a reconciliation which has been effected. In this case the survivor of the war was the first time in an English court.

CO-OPERATION IN REGINA

REGINA, Sask., Oct. 5.—The Consumers Co-operative League of Regina has been incorporated for \$20,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$10 each. This is the outcome of recent meetings by citizens' committees dealing with the high cost of living problem.

CHAPLAIN RECALLED TO FRONT
REGINA, Sask., Oct. 5.—Capt. the Rev. E. C. Enns, who has recently returned from France and resumed his work as rector of Grace church, received a wire today recalling him to the front to again act as a chaplain's duties.

37 OUT OF 47 FIT

SARATOGA, Ont., Oct. 5.—The highest percentage of physically fit men was gained today in the examinations before the medical mobilization board. Of the forty-seven men who applied, twenty-seven were passed into class A; two into class B; four into class C and ten into class E.

BURNED TO DEATH

SARATOGA, Ont., Oct. 5.—Mrs. George Harp, aged 71, of Saratoga Township, was burned to death yesterday, when her clothing caught fire as she was preparing a meal.

Not a Corn or Callus on Feet
Apply free drops, then lift them off without pain.

A noted Cincinnati authority discovered a new ether compound and called it freezone and it now cures a few corns from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears.

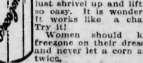
Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off with fingers.

With freezone a bit of soreness either when applying freezone or any drug, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Hard corns, soft corns and all other corns and calluses, whether on toes or on soles, it is wonderful how easy it is to remove them.

Try it.

Women should keep freezone on their dressers and never let a corn ache twice.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder.

The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO.ONT. MONTREAL

CONQUEROR OF GUYENNER SLAIN

German Officer Who Downed the Famous Frenchman, Has Been Finished Off

Amsterdam, Oct. 5.—According to the Cologne Gazette it was Flight Lieut. Wismann, who himself has been killed, shot down Capt. Guyenner, the French aviator, in his last battle. Guyenner, a hero of the war, was killed in a battle with a German plane. He was the only German pilot to have been killed in a battle with a German plane.

U.S. COMMANDER NOW A GENERAL

Major-General Pershing is Promoted—\$10,000 Maximum Soldier Insurance

Washington, Oct. 5.—With the \$10,000 maximum insurance plan reduced, as ordered by the administration, and with an additional provision for the new general Pershing, commanding the American forces in France, and Major General Black, chief of staff, the rank of general's soldiers' annuities insurance bill carrying an appropriation of \$176,000,000, was passed last night by the senate.

ONLY THREE REJECTED

PERINIS, B. C., Oct. 5.—The local medical board during the first three days of sitting examined thirty-two applicants, seven of whom have been placed in class A, twelve between classes B and C, and only three out of the total have been absolutely rejected as being unfit for service.

HIGHLANDS METHODIST

Highlands Methodist church harvest bazaar and social will be held tomorrow, 11 a.m. The pastor, Rev. G. H. Cobbledick, will give an address, and the orchestra and choral choir will furnish music. At 2:30 p.m. the pastor will be assisted by Rev. Prof. J. M. Miller, of Robertson Presbyterian church, who will preach. Special music by the choir and solo by Miss Higgins.

CHESS FOR SOLDIERS

At a meeting of the members of Edmonton Chess Club held on Thursday evening at No. 4 Sturgesman block, it was resolved that the freedom of the chess club be extended to any soldier who is in the city without fee and that any other persons of joining may be upon payment of \$1 a year, application to be made to Percy P. Davenport, 10 Sturgesman block.

Military Orders

Regimental orders by Lt. Col. P. G. Colborne, O.C. 101st regiment, Ed. Edmonton, Alta.

Duties.—To be orderly officer for week ending October 13th, Lt. Macneil for duty, Lt. Perrie, To be orderly sergeant for the week ending October 13th, Sgt. Smith, C. G. next for duty, Sgt. Smith, C. G.

Parades.—The battalion will parade at the new armory on Friday, Oct. 12th, October, at 7:55 p.m. parade at the R.O.C. hall, South Side at the same date and time.

Lecture subject, "Protection of the March," for October 13th, Capt. Harrison.

Leave.—Leave to be absent from parade has been granted to Capt. Henry L. May, Capt. Martin, with six active O.C. Company, during leave of Capt. Lines.

WM. THOMPSON, Lieut. and Acting Adjutant.

COMING EVENTS

Dr. Salem Blau - Winnipeg will deliver a lecture in the Pantheon Theatre Sunday afternoon at 2:15 on "The Dawn of a New Age." Dr. Blau is candidate for the Dominion House from the Centre Winnipeg seat on the non-partisan ticket.

VANCOUVER HOTEL BARRON

FIRST CLASS 200 luxuriously furnished rooms. Good food. Free P. B. Hotel, in the heart of the up-town business section. Room rates, \$10.00 and \$15.00 weekly.

THE WOODS HOTEL

Under new management as BAR-CLIFF. Very smart and well known hotel. In the heart of downtown. Well known section. First class. Electric Hotel. Single room, \$10.00, double, \$15.00.

W. D. Wood, Mgr. Write for rates.

Have You Secured Your Allied Emblem Yet?

Until October 31st you can secure one of these beautiful metal and celluloid colored emblems through The Bulletin for only 50 cents. After that date they will be placed on Sale in Retail Stores, when the regular price of \$1.00 will be charged. The illustration on this page fails absolutely to do justice to this attractive emblem, because it does not show the beautiful colorings. The flag of each ally is shown in the original color and the emblem makes an appropriate automobile radiator decoration. In other cities they are very popular and will no doubt soon be equally popular here. To secure one, clip out the coupon on this page and take it to any of the dealers listed opposite, have them sign the coupon and then present it at The Bulletin office with the small sum of 50 cents. Out of town readers may send the coupon in with 50 cents direct to this office without the dealer's signature and the emblem will be mailed postage paid.

These Dealers Will Countersign Your Emblem Coupon

MOTOR CAR SUPPLY CO. LTD., 10621 Jasper Avenue.
IMPERIAL OIL CO. LTD., 620 Tegner Block.
IMPERIAL GARAGE & AUTO CO., 10018 101A Avenue.
LINES BRAKE, LTD., 102nd Street.
McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LTD., 10048 104th Street.
THE FREEMAN CO., LTD., 10710 99th Street.
NORTHERN HARDWARE CO., LTD., 103rd and Jasper.
GREAT WEST SADDLERY CO., LTD., 10137 104th Street.
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION, 10319 Jasper.
THE NOR' WEST MOTORS LTD., 10130 114th Street.
E. C. MAY & CO., 10339 Jasper.

GOOD FOR EMBLEM WHEN COUNTERSIGNED

Name	Date
Address	
Dealer's Signature	

Racing Football Shooting

CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT BETWEEN TEAMS OF EQUAL STRENGTH IN OFFENSIVE OR DEFENSIVE GAME

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—When the Chicago Americans and the New York Giants, respective winners of the National League championship, meet in the opening game of the 1917 world series at Coney Island, Chicago, tomorrow, the contest will bring together teams of virtually equal offensive and defensive strength. So far as it is possible to ascertain in advance there is little if any advantage of favor of one or the other combination. An analysis of the work of the individual players and the teams as a whole shows that if there is a preference in one direction, the margin of strength is counterbalanced by the opposite side in another department of the play.

Unusual Culture
Both the White Sox and the Giants are clubs of unusual caliber, with brilliant young players holding down certain positions, while older and veteran professionals, scattered throughout the combinations, steady the teams and provide that touch of experience necessary to perfect any machine. If there is any outstanding advantage, which will count in the contests of the next few days it may be that the younger new players who have taken part in previous world series will favor the White Sox. However, for the latter, the experience of the veterans is a decided factor in the contest.

From every angle of comparison the conclusion is reached that the contest about to begin will prove one of the most exciting and closely fought since these contests were taken in charge by the National Commission in 1903 and have assumed the character of the National League. A study of the records of the players and the teams in their respective league demonstrates the fact that no team is a favorite and average can disclose there is little margin of advantage for either club. Taking the game as an entire thing, the statistics show that the Giants are a little stronger in hitting, while the White Sox

Box have a few points the edge of the fielding. The National league is a team of equal strength in offensive and defensive game.

It is one of the axioms of world series play that the winner of the first game carries greater weight than the rest of the series. It is customary for the manager to pitch to the mound men to win the first game and have the team's career available for the third game. In the event of a tie, the manager will select Clete to face the White Sox while Manager McGraw will select Schupp.

Both these twirlers are among the star pitchers of their league, with remarkable records for the past season. Clete, who is right-handed, has a 4.67 earned run per inning, 1.44, and a 1.44 strike-out ratio to credit for the year. Schupp is a left-handed pitcher, with a 4.67 earned run per inning, 1.44, and a 1.44 strike-out ratio to credit for the year. Both these twirlers are among the star pitchers of their league, with remarkable records for the past season.

Chicago's C. Collins, right field; McMillin, third base; E. Collins, second base; Jackson, left field; Poles, center field; Gandil, first base; Weaver, shortstop; Schulte, catcher; Clete, pitcher.

New York's Burns, left field; Horan, second base; Kauff, center field; Zenger, third base; McGraw, right field; Schupp, first base; McGraw, catcher; Schupp, pitcher.

Noblemen



Have you smoked one lately?



Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

What's That in the World of Sport



Have you smoked one lately?



Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Have you smoked one lately?

Annual Schools' Sports

HIGH
The tenth annual field day sports of the boys' education high school of the city was held at the south side stadium, Victoria high school, last afternoon. The school was in the lead with 215 points, and Victoria high school second with 115. Technical high school had 75 and Commercial high school 35 points.

The sports started at 1 o'clock under ideal weather conditions but the weather man stepped in about 4:30 and spoiled a few of the latter events. The winners of the different events are as follows: The possible number of points being 35:

Class 1, Div. 2—J. Jones, V.H.S., 48 points.
Class 1, Div. 2—J. Jones, V.H.S., 48 points.
Class 1, Div. 2—J. Jones, V.H.S., 48 points.

100-Yard Dash
Class 1, Division 2—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, Chester V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 3—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 4—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 5—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 6—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 7—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 8—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 9—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 10—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 11—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 12—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 13—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 14—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 15—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 16—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 17—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 18—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 19—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 20—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 21—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 22—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 23—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 24—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 25—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 26—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 27—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 28—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 29—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 30—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 31—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 32—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 33—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 34—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 35—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 36—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 37—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 38—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 39—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 40—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 41—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 42—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 43—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 44—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 45—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 46—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 47—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 48—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 49—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 50—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 51—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 52—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 53—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 54—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 55—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 56—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 57—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 58—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 59—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 60—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 61—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 62—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

Class 1, Division 63—J. Jones, V.H.S., 11.5; 2nd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S., 12.5; 3rd, J. MacFarlane, V.H.S.

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With a Bountiful Crop of No. 1 Merchandise This Store Is Ready for the Supreme Test of Pre-Holiday Thanksgiving Shopping

Careful comparison shows we are still in many cases selling finest merchandise at before the war prices. Tomorrow (Saturday) will find the Store ready for the supreme test of Thanksgiving service — not only willing and able to serve, but ready to serve best.

**Women's Warm Flannelette
Drawers Special 69c**

Nourished Iron Tablets,	60c
Hot, Cold, or Stomach's Vegetable compound,	69c
For \$1.00 also for	
Pond's Cold or Vanishing Cream	25c
Freezone Corn Cure	25c
For 35c for	18c
Menmen's Tooth Paste,	18c
Tooth Brushes,	15c
For 35c for	20c
French Face Powder (white or	15c
Big Bath Soap, in colonial, blue	4 for 25c
and Brown Windsor. Reg.	

An excellent quality for hair bows and sashes, in white, sky, pink, rose, red, cardinal, paddy green, saxe, and black. 3 1/4 inches wide. Thanksgiving Special **2 YDS. FOR 25c**

Stationery Specials
Section 5

Writing Pads Reg. 20¢	2 FOR	25¢
Writing Pads, Reg. 25¢ each	2 FOR	35¢
Envelopes, Reg. 10¢ 25	per	pkt. of
Special 4PKTS.	FOR	25¢

AT THIS POPULAR PRICE we are showing some excellent values in fall and winter separate vests and drawers. They are in fine ribbed cotton yarns with slightly fleeced finish, or in a nice elastic Swiss rib, in medium weight yarns. Vests with long or short sleeves, in sizes 36 to 40, and ankle length drawers, in open or closed style to match. Each moderately priced. **50¢**

WE HAVE NO HESITATION in predicting this to be one of the first lines sold out, for they are a wonderfully good value and a well proportioned and nicely finished garment. Made from fine wool yarns with a percentage of cotton to prevent shrinking. They are in the "Spring-needle" ribbed stitch with wonderful elasticity. Ankle length with long or short sleeves. Sizes 34 to 40.

Delivered, for Quick Selling

\$2.50

THE CAMISOLE is looked upon as being such an essential garment with present-day blousy fashions that the reduced price of 98c will surely bring them into brisk demand Saturday. They are of a good quality wash silk in maize, flesh, and white, with dainty lace yoke and threaded with ribbon; will show up very effectively under a sheer blouse. Sizes 14 to 16. Special at 98c.

COMFORTING NEWS from two points of view! Will save the busy woman the trouble of "making," and brings comfort for between seasons wear. Made of nice soft flannelette in white only, finished with tailored waist band, and elastic at knee. Well shaped and strongly sewn. Assorted sizes. Excellent value at **69c**

**Fashionable and Cosy NATURAL WOLF
SETS Priced at \$45.00**

THERE'S an indefinable something about "Natural Wolf" fur that brings it back in greater vogue every season. It's both serviceable


and comfortable with its long shaggy soft hair in neutral shades, that harmonize with almost anything one might happen to be wearing—not to say anything of the efforts put forth by the furriers in shaping and designing of this lovely peltry.

gray or Oxford gray. It is belted effects, belted all around or half belted across the back with plain fronts. The smart large convertible collars are velvet trimmed, or trimmed with stitching and buttons. Skirts are all in the newest of models. Very moderately priced.

This fashionable set at \$45.00 consists of a large scarf of choice thick natural wool, in the wide flat whole skin animal effect, fastening in several smart and effective ways. Muff to match in round effect, beautifully lined, trimmed with head, tail, paws and large wrist ring.

\$45.00

Price, per set



25⁰⁰

OTHER SMART STYLE—In the double animal scarfs or the large cape scarf effects, with muffs to match, in ball or pillow; plain or trimmed, at \$50.00 and \$65.00

Store Closed Monday, Thanksgiving Day

New Knitted Silk Scarfs at \$1.00 to \$5.00

There's every indication of an unprecedented vogue in knitted scarfs this season. And when you see how beautiful in colorings, sleek in finish and cosy in service they are, you'll not be a bit surprised at their immense popularity. They are knit-

40 Only BOYS' TWEED and WORSTED NORFOLK SUITS
In a Thanksgiving Sale at \$8.95

WHEN a range of boys' suits, that originally consisted of a couple of hundred or more, has sold down to 40 odd remaining, we can well afford to be generous at this Thanksgiving season and offer our patrons an opportunity to practice economy. Many of these suits are well worth \$12.50, and are quite suitable for school, or best wear for that matter! There's nothing cheap or shoddy about them, and you'll find them excellent fitters!

They are tailored in tweeds and woads in grays, browns, blue and mixed effects. Coats in the popular Norfolk models with stitched or loose belt, well shaped shoulders and snug fitting collars. Pants in bloomer style with 2 side, hip and watch pocket; lined with good strong linen. Sizes 24 to 35. Regularly worth up to \$12.50. **\$8.95**

Thanksgiving Special


Boys' Sweater Coats, Special \$2.00
 If bought in the ordinary way today we couldn't think of offering these splendid garments for less than \$10.00. Now, however, we have a splendid selection of gray, brown, cardinal, navy and combined colors. Closely knitted, with high collar and high roll necks. Sizes 32 to 36. **\$2.00**
 Special value. **\$1.00**
 Other grades at **\$1.50 to \$3.00**

Boys' Pull-over Sweaters at \$3.95
 We'll venture to say this is a value not to be duplicated anywhere. A splendid garment for skating or general wear. Closely knitted in pure wool yarns in gray, brown, cardinal and navy. High roll necks. Sizes 32 to 36. **\$3.95**
 Special value. **\$1.00**

BOYS' \$4.00 to \$6.00 HIGH GRADE SHOES
Special Saturday \$2.75 to \$3.25

Parents with boys continually in need of new footwear will welcome this shopping note concerning high grade footwear at such generous reductions. Several styles and lines are included in this offering, and there's choice of button or lace styles. Made of good quality black or tan leather, with Goodyear welt soles. Nicely finished and comfortable.

place 11 to 12 1/4 **\$2.75** Sizes 1 to 5 1/4 **\$2.95**



A THANKSGIVING SALE of MEN'S FINE SHOES
up to \$8.00, Saturday \$3.95

WHAT better time to be generous in the matter of footwear values than the last Saturday before Thanksgiving! And although in reality it's only one of our periodical clean-ups of broken lines, etc., the selection of styles and leathers is broad enough

to meet the average man's needs, and while all sizes are not to be had in the various styles, all sizes 6 to 11 are represented in the sale.

at Helpful Prices

of mitts and gloves cannot be at day market conditions. We months in advance of the usual price. But if you don't buy now, covered to save you.

D. WOOLEN MITTS in lovely soft
they are of good quality stock in such well-known makes as "Hart" and "Just Wright," in button and lace styles, in black or tan, with Goodyear welt soles and different shapes toes. Comfortable and nicely finished. Regular values up to \$1.00.

\$3.95

Thanksgiving Sale

Men's Fall and Winter Pyjamas
\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.50

39c Sizes 7 and 8
Priced at **50c**
D WOOLEN GAUNTLET MITTS
gray, navy and black.
4, 5 and 6
50c
en need have no hesitation in coming here
for their new gloves. Our stocks are wonder-
fully complete, and include the best and most
reliable makes. Leathers include Mocha, Dog-
skin, Suede and Huckskin, in tan or gray,
laid or unlaid. Well shaped and strongly sewn
The very fact of their being the famous "Good-
night" brand will satisfy the majority of men.
Made of good quality flannelette in light stripe
patterns, well shaped and nicely finished.
Small, medium and large sizes. Priced at

Men's Heavy Wool PULLOVER SWEATERS, \$3.95

35c AND 50c
 Special
 Men's Mackinaw Coats at \$11.50

A remarkably good value in heavy all wool, in gray and fancy checks, in Norfolk style with shawl collar and two pockets; loose belt. Sizes 36 to 46. Price \$11.95
A BETTER QUALITY, at \$12.95

WALKER CIGARS 2 FOR 25c. CIGARS 10c STRAIGHT. CIGARS 2 FOR 25c.

Cree Hunt, Extra	Simon's Roosevelt	Van Lee Londres
Nobleman Invincibles.	La Preferencia Balldog	Solididad
	David Nobleman	Oreides
		Metropole Maestica

Nobleman Coronas.	Tuero Club House	La Preferencia Londres.
Admiration Delights.	Admiration Superbias	Tuckett's Club Special.
	Tuckett's Preferred.	La Preferencia Club House.

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Nobleman Coronas.	Tuero Club House	La Preferencia Londres.
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SECOND SECTION.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917.

SECOND SECTION.

The Morning Bulletin.

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of justice and liberty were spread

and wide rooted so deep, that every nation, colony and dependency of the empire, and every island of the sea where British people have found homes, are represented at the battle front today.

We have cause to be thankful that the greatest republic to have existed in the world with its hundred millions of people and its stupendous wealth, a pacifist country under a pacifist government—has joined in the war to maintain liberty and enforce justice.

We have cause to be thankful that if we have to endure the sufferings and sacrifices of war it is on our part a war of necessity and of justice, a war to protect not only our own liberty but the liberties of the world.

We have cause to be thankful that our nation has stood the fiery test of war and that the spirit of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty, of courage under circumstances hitherto unknown, and of valor, has been shown by our young men, eclipsing the heroism of the ancients as our civilization has eclipsed that of the ancients.

We have cause to be thankful that in service and in sacrifice the words of the prophet are being equal part with our men. We have not only given inspiration, but also help to the world.

We have cause to be thankful that although we have not yet achieved victory we have not yet achieved defeat. Out of the terrible struggle of more than three years' continuous battle there emerges a new day of human progress and prayer. There is much to be said in favor of the suggestion, we have entered on the fourth year of the most terrible war the world ever saw. We face further and further difficulties, with victory not yet in sight. Before the war civilization was in the condition of the pride that so often goes before a fall. An acknowledgment that there is a higher law than our own will, and an obligation beyond the gratification of our selfishness, would establish new starting points in the forward progress of humanity.

The first of November is Thanksgiving. Without belittling mankind's thought, without neglecting the light of our own day, we must recognize the fact that there is a higher law than our own will, and an obligation beyond the gratification of our selfishness, would establish new starting points in the forward progress of humanity.

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Juggling the Wheat Trade

The board of grain supervision for Canada have made a very lengthy statement as to the present action in fixing a maximum price for Canadian western wheat.

To the reader unfamiliar with the intricacies of the wheat trade the statement is anything but informing. There is altogether too much argument to the amount of information conveyed.

Canada and the United States are producers of wheat for export. Their principal wheat producing areas adjoin, and shipments for export sail interchangeably from the same ports—that is United States wheat may be shipped from Montreal and Canadian wheat from New York. The activities of the board of grain supervisors on each side of the border are engaged in the same war and on the same side. Both countries have decided to fix the price of wheat at a reasonable figure that should be mutual consultation and that prices should be fixed on the basis of the Duluth price.

The court decision of the Bank of British North America gives notice that the board of grain supervision in Canada has been in the year ended 31st May last, of 40 cents per bushel, and that the board of grain supervision in the United States has been in the year ended 31st May last, of 40 cents per bushel.

Notice is given that a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent per annum on the amount of the share capital next to the proprietors of shares registered in 1917-18.

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In the use of arms or for military ex-

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The House-Clark church at Mulbarton, in the use of arms or for military

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THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows
of the Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal,
open faced and covered with glass—they are approximately 6 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide
and 1 1/2 inch deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants adver-
tising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

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- 1 only Old English, Jacobean design. \$15.50, for \$23.00
- 1 only Old English, Jacobean design. \$12.50, for \$20.00
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"THE HOME OF HOME-
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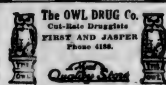
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The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

NEW LEGS FOR OLD



Tommy, with new belt-crutch, can pelt the Kaiser. At a recent sporting fete held at Sidcup, England, Tommies who had lost their legs fighting in France, were seen wearing the newly devised belt-crutches. The legs are made of telescopic tubular steel, adjustable to any height, fitted to socket plates of aluminum on a leather belt. The wearer is able to sit in a vehicle or at a table in comfort and perfect freedom is allowed for the use of the arms. The crutches are adjustable to a Sam Brown's belt.

THE FALLEN HETMAN OF THE DON COSSACKS



Gen. Kalodines and his staff just previous to his adherence to Korniloff's ill-fated revolution. He had to resign his position as Hetman.

WITH THE ALLIES UNTIL THE END



W. H. Taft, former president of the United States, who delivered a ringing call to the Allies to stand firm, in an address delivered at Montreal.

WRITING STORIES FOR THE MOVIES



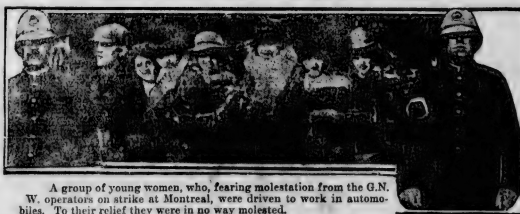
Authors used to get \$15 and \$20 for their scenarios. Now they are paid up to \$40,000 and more.

MARY GARDEN GETS WAR HONORS



Miss Mary Garden, the opera star, has arrived at an Atlantic port, after ten months in Europe, wearing the Red Cross of Serbia, conferred for her work among the wounded Serbians, and the wreath presented by the French government in recognition of her work in French hospitals.

POLICE PROTECT G.N.W. WOMEN EMPLOYEES



A group of young women, who, fearing molestation from the G.N.W. operators on strike at Montreal, were driven to work in automobiles. To their relief they were in no way molested.

FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR KILLED



The French chamber of deputies is considering the erection of a memorial to this flight officer, whose heroism in connection with the destruction of German aircraft has proven one of the outstanding features of the war.

U.S. GERMAN PROPAGANDISTS ACCUSED OF AIDING KAISER



Above—Justice Daniel F. Colahan, of New York, accused of having recommended air raids on England, and Jeremiah O'Leary, of the American Truth Society. Below—J. J. F. Archibald, newspaper man arrested in England for carrying Von Bernstorff's dispatches, and Paul König, manager of the Hamburg-American line secret service, who is indicted for bomb outrages.

MAY BE PREMIER OF SWEDEN



Hjalmar Branting, Socialist leader and editor, who is a prominent anti-German.

VISCOUNT READING



Prominent head of British interests in Canada and U.S., whose forthcoming visit to Ottawa is exciting interest in financial circles.

AMERICAN TROOPS NEAR THE FIRING LINE



Samurais in France wearing their new steel helmets, built on the British model. They are reported to be in excellent fighting trim.

THE MEN WHO ERECTED THE HUGE QUEBEC BRIDGE.



Group taken at the end of the south shore cantilever arm, showing from left to right: G. F. Porter, chief engineer of construction for the St. Lawrence Bridge Co.; W. P. Copp, chief engineer for the Quebec Bridge Commission; E. C. Kerrigan, chief draughtsman; Phelps Johnston, president of the St. Lawrence Bridge Company, and E. H. Pacey, assistant engineer to the commission.



TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.



A SIMPLE WORK BENCH

Ever since the beginning of time, tools have been employed both in obtaining the necessities of life and for pleasure. There should not be a household in which a good live boy lives that is not provided with a few of the simple tools and a work bench of some kind. Of course, every residence has not a convenient basement or attic for a boy to work in, or the boy has not the means to buy an expensive bench, but every home has a kitchen table and by making the simple bench top shown in the accompanying drawing, the kitchen can be used as a shop. The kitchen is usually well lighted both during the day and evening and is always warm, making an ideal place for a boy to spend his spare time.

To make the top described in this article, which can be used for soldering, coping saw and carpenter work, it is only necessary to get two pieces of board about four feet in length, one fourteen inches wide and the other about five or six inches wide.

To make the bench top rigid, the two pieces should be fastened together as shown in the drawing, using screws to do so. Through the first board, bore holes the size of the shank of the screw, and into the other board bore a hole smaller than this—just so the threads of the screw will

grip well. If holes are not bored as suggested the boards are apt to split.

Some scheme must be used to keep the top from slipping back and forth on the table. This is accomplished by fastening cleats and buttons to the under side of the bench top. In reading these directions, be sure to refer to the drawing so you will thoroughly understand all the steps. As shown in the drawing, the button in position is at right angles to the cleat and is fastened to it by means of a round head screw and a washer, which permits the button to turn. The screw should be placed so it will strike the center of the cleat. It is necessary that the cleat should be the same thickness as the top of the table the bench top is to be used on, in order that the button may turn under the top of the table, thus holding the bench top in place. Note that a round head screw should be used with the button, but to fasten the apron to the bench top, use flat screws in order that the holes may be countersunk, leaving the tops of the screws a bit below the surface of the apron.

Since we have the main part of the bench made, our next problem is to devise some kind of a vise, which is the most important part of every bench. Of course, a manufactured vise can be purchased at a hardware store, but the average boy would rather spend his money for tools, so we have shown at the right of the drawing two parts which can be formed from two pieces of hardwood. It will be noticed

that one part is a rectangular block (B), while the other is a crescent shaped piece (A). The first block (B), has two three-quarter inch pegs which fit into holes which are to be bored in the top of the bench top at a convenient location for the one who is to use it. These two pegs hold the piece stationary. The other piece (A) has but one peg, allowing it to move like a lever. The holes for these pieces should be bored three inches apart, measuring from center to center.

To operate the vise, the board to be worked on is slid alongside the rectangular piece. The end strikes the end of the crescent shaped piece, forcing that end away from it, while the other end is pressed against the board. The harder the board is pushed, the tighter the vise grips it.

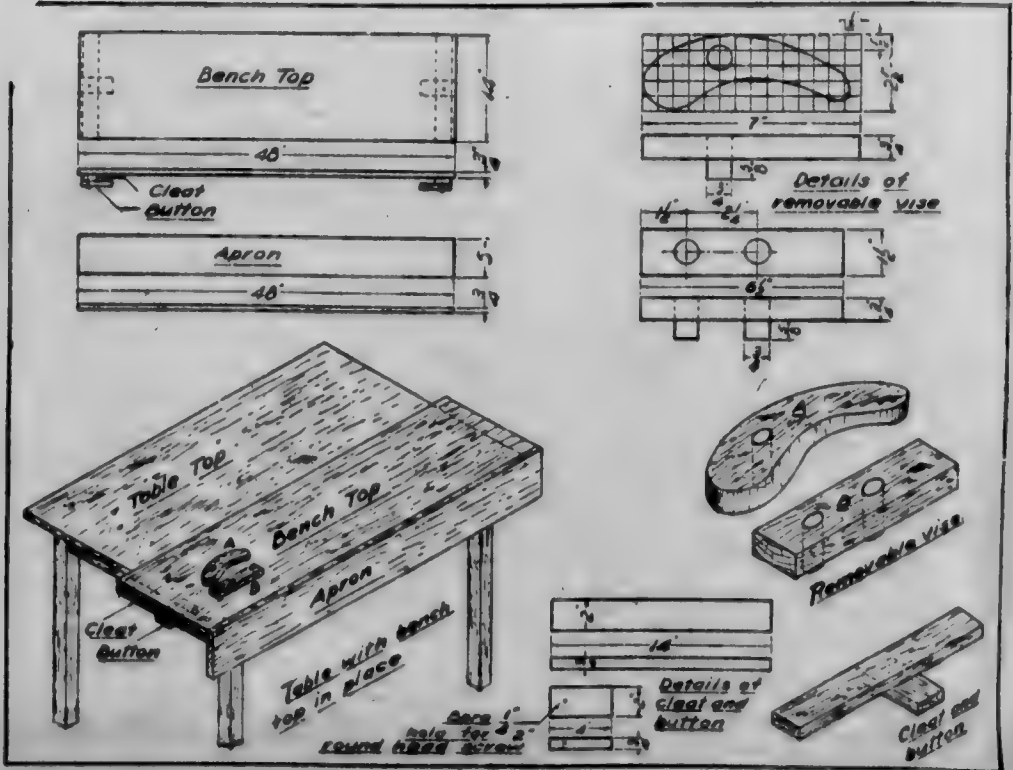
This vise is only for planing or working on a board on edge. To plane the top or bottom surfaces, a thin strip can be tacked across the bench top to place the end of the board against. When not in use this strip is very easily removed.

An Embryo Jokesmith.

Bobby—And nll the Animals went into theark 'ceptthe dog.

Elsie—Why didn't the dog go in, too?

Bobby—'Cause he had a bark of his own.



LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM

Bought a Car.

Dear Uncle Tom: This is my fifth letter to your interesting club. Long since I wrote to you now, as I am going to school again.

Papa bought a car some time ago. I like it very much.

There was a fair in Tofield, Sept. 22, I was there, and enjoyed the day. Lottie Turner sent for the words of, "Red Wings." I am sending them to her.

BETSY NESS.

Red Wing.

There once lived an Indian maid,
A shy little prairie maid,
Who sang a lay, a love-song gay,
As she whirled away

the day:
She loved a warrior bold,
This shy little maid of old,
But brave and gay he rode one day
To the battle far away.

Oh, the moon shines tonight on Pretty
Red Wing,
The breeze is sighing, the night birds
crying,
Far, afar 'neath the stars her brave is
sleeping;
While Red Wing's weeping her heart
away.

She watched for him day and night,
She kept all the camp-fires bright
And under the sky each night she
would lie,

Dreaming of him coming by and by.
But when the braves returned,
The heart of Red Wing yearned,
For, far, far away her warrior gay,
Fell bravely in the fray.

Expects Winter Soon.

Dear Uncle Tom: The winter will soon be here and then we can have sleigh rides. My father is three miles and a half from home, threshing. We are threshed now. My mother and brother are out doing the chores. My mother is going to Chipman today. We have half of our potatoes up now and if it does not rain any more we will pick again today. My sister and I can crochet. My sister can start and stop our smallest engine, but I cannot.

CORA MALONEK.

Chipman, Oct. 1.

Dear Uncle Tom: I used to go to school with my sister, who was in the sixth grade and I was in the second grade. I like to go to school very much. The school was three miles and a half away. But as we were so tired and sore from the long walk we had to stop. I hope to receive a badge. I will close now.

EDWARD CRIPPS.

Crippsdale, Sept. 25.

Has New Potatoes.

Dear Uncle Tom: My brother and I have just finished digging and picking up the potatoes in the field but there are some more at the house yet. I have some potatoes of my own but I do not think there will be very many when I get them dug and picked up.

The company expects to start thresh-

ing next week.

My father took three separator wheels to town to get spokes put in them. After we get our crop threshed I think my brother will start to school.

HOWARD SAMIS.

Excelsior, Sept. 30.

Read Bulletin Ten Years.

Dear Uncle Tom—I am going to school again. It will now be winter. My father has been a reader of the Weekly Bulletin for 10 years. I am saving the Children's Page and I am going to make a nice book out of it.

FLORENCE GARON.

Jeffrey, Sept. 28.

Has Three Rabbits.

Dear Uncle Tom—I have three pet rabbits. Two are white and one is gray. I like to feed them very much. I also have two little kittens.

LEOPOLD GARON.

Jeffrey, Alta., Sept. 28.

Brings Mail for Neighbor.

Dear Uncle Tom—As neighbor has no children he lets me read your valuable Children's Page, so I thought I would like to join your club.

Once we had a very gentle ox. He used to let me ride him. I used to ride him to school, four and one half miles away.

ALADDIN CLUB

Edited by Uncle Tom for
Boys and Girls

To Uncle Tom
Care The Bulletin,
Edmonton.

Please enroll me as a member of
your Aladdin Club, and also send
me a badge free of charge.

I am _____ years of age. My birth-

day is on the _____ day of

_____ 191_____.

My father's full name is _____

Our post office address is _____

I promise to write at least one
letter a month to the club, to wear
the badge at all times, and to do all
I can to promote the objects of the
club.

Signed (full name) _____

Cut this out, fill in the information
and sign your name, and forward to
The Bulletin Office, Edmonton, as
soon as possible.

I like to go to school very much. When I go to school I am in the sixth grade.

I have a brother who was at the war and came home with a wounded arm but is improving.

I will close for this time.

HALLEN CRIPPS.

Crippsdale, Sept. 25.

Helped Brothers.

Dear Uncle Tom—I haven't written for long time, but I don't think I have broken the rule, although I lost my badge and couldn't find it for two weeks.

I helped some with the stooking but I have three brothers, so I wasn't needed much. I am going to go to school tomorrow. I asked for correspondence in my last letter but only got one letter. I would like more who are between 12 and 14 years of age to write.

MONA McDONALD.

Mirror, Sept. 23.

Fond of Digging.

Dear Uncle Tom—I would like to become a member of your interesting club. I am seven years old and in Grade 1.

I am not very fond of picking potatoes, but I like digging very well. I will stop now and leave room for someone else. I would like to get a badge.

FRANK MALONEK.

Chipman, Oct. 1.

Likes Children's Section.

Dear Uncle Tom—As I have not written since last month I must write now. School was started, but I am not going to start until this fall. I always try to get The Bulletin, especially the Saturday papers so that I can read the boys' and girls' section. I think they are all very nice. We are through harvesting, so we are stacking the grain now. I did not see my last letter in print. As it is getting quite late I must close.

HALDOR OLSON.

R. R. 2, Camrose, Sept. 26.

Picks Potatoes.

Dear Uncle Tom—It seems to me the weather is getting cold too quick. It is pretty cold in the morning now but Opal I did not go to school today, but I am going tomorrow. I got my badge and like it very much. I lost it once but a friend of mine found it and gave it to me. We have a little pup. It came here about a week ago. It is very playful and full of fun. I guess the members of the club are busy, like ourselves, picking potatoes. I wonder if they like it any better than I do, if not they don't like the work very well. I would like to correspond with a girl of my own age (10 years). Would any of our club send the words of "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall"? ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

Opal, Sept. 25.

At School Every Day.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to your interesting club. There is a long time I wanted to join your club. I go to school every day and I don't like to miss a day at school. Last Tuesday I did not go to school. I had to stay at home to help pick the potatoes; we had about 70 sacks. I hope I will see my letter in print. My letter is getting pretty long so I will close. Waiting for my badge.

ROSE LAMOREUX.

Lamoureux, Sept. 28.

Mary Jane's First Day at School

By GERTRUDE HUNTER.

Mary Jane lived with her aunt and uncle in a large house just opposite one of the public schools of the city. She had everything in the way of toys that a little girl could wish for, but she had no playmate to help her play with them, as there were no children of her age living near. On the first day of school Mary Jane was standing at the gate watching the children march into the building across the way. Oh, how she wished she could go too! There were so many boys and girls to play with over there, and she had always wanted to see what the inside of a school looked like. When Mary Jane had asked her aunt if she could not start school, she had been told that it was too rough and noisy a place for her, and that her governess was coming the next day to teach her. Now Mary just hated to have a governess, so she thought she would ask the next child that came by what school was like. It so happened that the next one that passed was a little boy just about Mary's age, and though she called to him he did not hear her. But she had better luck the second time, and when she called out, "Are you going to school?" the little boy addressed answered, "Yes, why don't you come too? It's lots of fun. Of course sometimes the teacher is cross, but that is mostly when one gets into mischief. You would like it, I am sure. Come on with me, I'll start you." And Mary Jane, without so much as a thought of what her aunt would say, walked off with the strange boy.

Not until she was standing before a tall, stern looking man in a place that the little boy told her was called the office, did she feel at all frightened. But he asked her name in such a kind voice, that her fears disappeared and she willingly said goodbye to the little boy and went with the man, across the hall and down the stairs to a room that was full of girls and boys just her size, and had such a nice teacher who gave her a seat all her own and told an older girl across the aisle to give her a list of the books she would have to buy.

In the meantime, the new governess had arrived at Mary Jane's home, and the family were vainly looking for her pupil to commence her lessons. Alas, the maid, had been sent to all the houses in the block, but no one had seen the little girl. Bridget, the cook was at the gate, looking up and down the street, hoping to see Mary Jane returning, when Tommy, Mary Jane's little friend came out of the school. Now, Tommy was a very observant little boy and when he saw Bridget and heard Mary Jane's aunt calling the little girl in vain, it did not take him long to understand what had happened. At first he thought he would let them hunt her, but decided, at last, to tell them where she was. So, walking up to Bridget he said, "The little girl is all right; she is at school." Bridget leaned over the gate and demanded, "What little girl? Do you mean Mary Jane?" Then Tommy launched into a long explanation of the happenings of the morning, and by the time he was finished he found his audience had been enlarged by the members of the family and the new governess. For a moment, after hearing all the astonishing details, there was complete silence. Then Mary Jane's uncle decided the question by saying, "Well, I think if Mary Jane

wants to go to school as badly as that, we had better let her do so."

When Mary Jane arrived home from school at noon she found the family at lunch, and was rather surprised when the only question asked her after her long absence from home was, "How do you like school, Mary? Would you really rather go to the big school across the street than have a governess?"

"Oh, Aunt Flora, it's ever so nice and the teacher said that I would soon learn how to read all by myself. The girl across the aisle gave me this list of books to get, and a little boy called Jacky Wilson told me I had the nicest hair ribbon of any girl in the room."

Then Mary Jane wondered why her uncle laughed and told her she could go down town with him after lunch and he would help her get the new books.

Kimona Vs. Frock Coat

It is Britons abroad perhaps—in Japan, for example—who feel the heaviest weight of responsibility for the conventional garments of the western male. How much New Japan has lost in agreeableness by the thralldom of the frock coat those who have beheld that garment in all its varieties in urban and rural Japan bear witness. If the west cannot save itself from starch, will not the east make an effort for self protection before the advancing tide of a sham Westernism makes resistance too late? Why Japanese gentlemen are content to abandon a dress of such high distinction as the kimono and haori—the dividers of which must have been men of genius—for a garment with so small claim on their consideration, by reason either of comfort or of beauty as the frock coat, passes comprehension. One of these days there will surely be a Japanese gentleman, one of the tenets of which will be an adherence on all possible occasions to the beautiful and hygienic clothing which is one of the best survivals of Old Japan.

PRATTLE and TATTLE



JOHNNY tore his shirt," said Prattle: "Let's go home and tell," said Tattle; "Let's tell Mamma right away So she'll keep him in all day."



JOHNNY stood beside the stair— Mother mending up his tear. Tattle said, "We came to tell You to punish Johnny well."



JUST because you tattle so— Off to bed you'll have to go. You are very, very wrong— Tattling, tattling all day long."



LET'S tell Papa, Johnny said Down the bannisters—he did; Let's tell everything we know Everywhere we have to go."



MAMMA said, "Why Johnny dear, Come and told me without fear; But I'll tell you what I'll do I will stop and punish you;



TATTLE said to Prattle, "Say! Tattling tales, will never pay! In the future we'll keep still— Tattlers always come to ill!"

Boys' and Girls' Section

The Edmonton Bulletin

EDMONTON ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917.

What Happened To Roy's Bubble Pipe

"Roy, dear," began Mrs. Moore, Roy's mother, patiently, "now I've spoken to you three times about going to bed. You have blown soap-bubbles ever since supper, and it was bed time half an hour ago."

So Roy, very reluctantly, put his new white clay pipe up on the shelf and slowly followed his mother upstairs.

The next morning he could hardly wait to grab the soap-bubble pipe, lather a basin of water to frothy suds, and begin the new sport. But something went wrong with the pipe. He blew and blew, puffing his cheeks way out, but failed to make a single bubble.

"Let's see it, dear," said Mrs. Moore, and tried blowing bubbles herself. But the pipe refused to work until she had given one long, hard blow. "Try it now, son," she smiled, passing it back to Roy.

"It blows! Oh, mother, see that bubble!" exclaimed Roy, and so the morning's fun began.

That afternoon the little boy went to dancing school, and that evening his father took him to a moving picture show, so he had no more time for soap-bubbles. But on the following morning he hurried to secure his pipe, while his mother filled the water with the finest sort of suds. But again the pipe refused to work! Roy blew and blew and blew on it. He blew as hard as he could, as he had seen his mother do, yet he couldn't make a single bubble.

Almost in tears he went to find his mother, but cook said she had gone shopping. Cook was cross, too, because the iceman had tracked up her newly scrubbed kitchen floor. So Roy didn't dare ask her to help him. Well, he decided he'd try it once more, and then if it wouldn't work he'd have to give it up. So back he went, dipped the bowl of his pipe in the water, stepped back and blew. A fine large bubble formed and broke in his face. Roy had been so sure that the pipe wouldn't blow a single bubble, that now he was a bit breathless with surprise. He laughed gleefully and tried it again, and again it blew a beautiful great bubble which floated airily about the room before bursting.

When his mother returned about noon he was still blowing bubbles, but he stopped long enough to tell her what a hard time he had had getting his pipe started. Roy didn't have a chance to use his pipe for another whole day. Then as he picked it up eagerly, he was wondering if the pipe would "act up." It did! It took his mother's help too, though he blew a long time on it before he asked her.

"Let's watch your pipe very carefully, Roy, when you are through with it," suggested his mother, "and see what happens to it."

Nothing happened to it for a little while, then suddenly they saw a large, fat wasp fluttering about the window. At a moment he had crawled warily to the top of the open window and looked in.

"Sh! Watch him, son," said Mrs.

Moore softly, as Roy was about to speak. After waiting immovably for a few minutes the wasp darted straight to the shelf on which Roy had laid his pipe. He fumbled carelessly about the pipe for a second or two, and then disappeared inside the bowl. He came out buzzing angrily to find all his work undone, and out the window he went to return in a short while.

This was the beginning of a long stretch of labor for the industrious wasp. Many, many trips were made from a freshly white-washed shed outside, where the wasp gathered his building material, to the clay pipe. Roy grew so interested watching the wasp that he forgot the soap-bubbles entirely.

The next day, in the afternoon, Roy heard his mother calling him.

"I want you to look at your pipe, son," Roy picked it up carefully, after making

sure the wasp was not in the bowl. As he stared down into the bowl he saw that the stem of the pipe, where it joined the bowl, was closed. It was covered over entirely with a whitish substance that looked very much like the clay of the pipe.

"That's why it would never blow!" laughed Roy. "What kind of a wasp is he, mother?"

"A mud-dauber, son," smiled Roy's mother. "Suppose we let him have that pipe, and we'll see what he does with it."

"But my soap-bubbles—" Roy reminded her.

"Ask father to buy you another clay pipe, dear," so Roy did, and he and his mother studied the mud-dauber and his work.

Busy, busy chap toiled all day long filling the bowl of the pipe with tiny cells, which were to be the future homes of another generation of mud-daubers.



After Waiting Immovably For A Few Minutes the Wasp Darted Straight To The Shelf On Which Roy Had Laid His Pipe.



NEW SHOES.

"The next afternoon was dancing school day. Brother Willie made a fuss as usual. He hated dancing school, but Doris was awfully anxious to go. She wanted to feel how her new shoes would dance. They looked as if they would dance like Cinderella's glass slippers. Willie made her late by stopping on the way to skip some stones in the creek, but they weren't very late.

"One-two, one-two, now twinkle!" they heard the dancing teacher say, as they came in.

The walk hadn't been long at all, but Doris' feet felt rather hot and burning.

"Clyde take Doris, and Willie take Susie," said the teacher. "I'm sorry you couldn't get here on time, children."

Clyde was rather fat and not very graceful, although he was a fine baseball player, the boys said, and once he threw a wonderful curve, just like one of Christy Matthewson's. Doris started to dance with Clyde. Her shoes felt sticky and hot inside.

"Twinkle!" said teacher, and Clyde "twinkled" one way, and Doris "twinkled" another way, and, oh, gracious me, if

he didn't step right on the beautiful pointed patent leather toe of her right shoe!

"Oh!" cried Doris, and she thought Clyde must weigh about a thousand pounds. "Oh, I think you're horrid!"

She looked down at her shoe and saw a dent in place. Tears came into her eyes.

"I—I'm awful sorry, Doris," said Clyde, taking out his handkerchief. "I'll wipe it off, see?"

Clyde stooped over and wiped Doris' shoe and he looked so sorry that Doris thought "Oh, well! I guess my shoes aren't hurt much, and Clyde is very nice about it, so I can't act mean."

"I'm awful sorry, Doris," said Clyde again, and Doris gave a little sniffle and said: "Never mind, Clyde, it's—it's—perfectly all right."

It was rather hard to get into step after that and Doris' feet got hotter and hotter and hotter, until they seemed to be burning pain a red-hot oven. Then they began to hurt—there were three aching spots on each foot—o-o-o-oh! But Doris went through all the steps and after dancing school she bit her lips and walked manfully home. The shoes shone just like sparkling mirrors in the sun, and the other little girls said, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and Doris loved her shoes more than ever.

The next day was Sunday, and, of course, Willie and Doris went to Sunday school. Doris had soaked her feet in cold water the night before so they felt better and she put on her new shoes again. There was only a little crack where Clyde had stepped on them, and they were as bright as bright could be!

(Continued on Page Seven)

They were the darlinest, stynest little shoes a child ever saw! They were patent leather with white kid tops and pearl buttons, and they were pointed like Mother's best slippers. Doris saw them as soon as she walked into the store and she just couldn't look at anything else.

"I want a neat, pretty pair of shoes," Mother was saying to the Saleslady, "something a little dressy, yet comfortable and sensible, which would do for dancing school as well as Sundays."

"I suppose you want slippers, madam," suggested the Saleslady.

But Mother said she thought high shoes were best as they support little ankles, and Doris' ankles were a little weak. Doris looked longingly at the patent leather shoes.

"Mother," she said, "just look!"

Mother looked and laughed: "Oh, they wouldn't do at all! They'd pinch your little toes."

The Saleslady took the shoes out of the glass case.

"These were made to order for a little girl," she said, "but after they were made the little girl didn't want them, so if you will take them you can get them at a great bargain."

"Oh, Mother!" cried Doris, her eyes quite big.

"But I'm sure they won't be comfortable," replied Mother.

"I'll just slip them on, shall I, Madam?" said the Saleslady, who was anxious to sell the shoes.

And the next minute the shoes were on Doris' feet. Oh, how they did shine and glisten! Doris walked over to the mirror and looked at her feet. Why, she hardly knew them, they looked so stylish and slender!

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "aren't they just be-aw-ti-ful!"

"But are they comfortable?" inquired Mother. "Do they pinch you anywhere?"

Doris said: "Oh, they feel grand, Mother, dear!"

Well, Mrs. Mother bought the shoes because Doris did want them so, and declared they didn't hurt—they felt grand—and Mother wanted Doris to be suited.

"But if they hurt you, dear," she said, "don't complain to me about them, because I'd rather you'd have a sensible, round-toed shoe."

"Oh, I won't complain a bit, Mother darling," promised Doris, "because they do feel just too fine for anything!"

Doris wanted to wear the shoes home but Mother said no, they were for best. When they got home Doris slipped them on. They were so bright you could see your face in them. Brother Willie said: "Gee—some class!" And Daddy said: "Dear, dear! What a stylish young lady we are!" But Mother said nothing at all.



Down He Went On His Knees And Began To Undo The Pearl Buttons.

SCARED STIFF

By ALBERTA CUNDALL

Did you ever get "scared stiff?" I did and I am going to tell you the story about how it happened.

Long ago, when I was a little lassie, I had a brother who took great fun in frightening my sisters. He had succeeded in frightening them into screams and tears a great many times; but I was a different case—he could not scare me. He had tiled many times but I always found him out before disgracing myself by screaming.

I lived in the country where there were lots of trees and fences and crooked places for things to hide behind. 'Twas easy enough to get scared all right when the moon was shining and the owls hooting, and then other nights when it was dark and you were sure you could hear something but couldn't see.

One evening I started out, alone, to walk to the church where our league meeting was held. It was about two miles to the church, but I had planned to meet my girl chum at the cross-roads, about half-way, and we would be company for each other to the meeting. The walk to the church was real jolly, for my chum met me at the cross-roads and we never thought of danger. When the meeting was over we found the night was

quite dark. We didn't care though and walked along chatting and laughing until we came to the cross-roads, where we had to part, her road going north and mine south—through this old dark spooky swamp and past the old school-house.

'Twas funny, I had forgotten, until I was going through this swamp, that an old tramp had spent the night previous in the school and would very likely be there again that night. I felt my flesh grow creepy when I thought about it and knew that I was all alone. There was no use of screaming because the dear old farmers were all abed and then, the tramp would be sure to hear and that would never do. That school was sure a bugbear by day and a terror by night. Every old hobo seemed to find it excellent sleeping quarters.

I quickly decided that silence was my only salvation and was tip-toeing along as lightly and swiftly as my nimble young feet could carry me, thinking that fleet indeed I would be when actually passing that awful schoolhouse.

But alas! My quickly formed plans were as quickly shattered, for, just as I was breathlessly climbing the hill on which the school was perched,

an old slouchy, tattered figure lurched past me, very close, and shambled off toward the school. I took one despairing glance to see if he really went into the building, at the same time gathering myself up for a record-breaking sprint, but 'twas no use. The old villain just eyed me for a minute and then struck out after me at a lively rate.

Hot and cold chills went sprawling and galloping up and down my spine; my limbs refused to go faster than a crawl and there, oh, horrors! he stood in the road before me, and would not let me go by. I could not move or speak or call, for I was really "scared stiff."

My brother's wildest hopes were at last fully realized, for the tramp was really he and there I stood petrified in my tracks with fear.

But oh, wasn't he sorry! When at last I got into motion he trudged along beside me, urging me to use his mittens (of course he had lost his handkerchief) to soak up the tears which were streaming in all directions. I gasped and sobbed most spitefully—'twas very hard to admit conquest.

I sobbed and howled and let him exhaust his supply of compliments and flattery until we were almost home. He promised he would never, never, never again play such a horrid trick on any little girl. After playing on his emotions and largely his fear of a fanning when he got home, I finally consented to forgive him if he in return never tell a soul that he had really and truly "scared" me.

Honey-Bunch the Runaway

Honey-Bunch was Bunny bunch's son. He was a very nice little chap and his mother loved him dearly, but he had one sad fault. He ran away! He would never stay within calling distance of their home in the comfortable old log, and often his mother couldn't see even the tips of his long white ears, he went so far away.

He would run down into the old hollow by the pool and play with the other little rabbits, and never tell his mother where he was going at all. He would also run to a certain little pile of rocks way up back of the old stile, and stay there for hours until his poor mother was almost distracted.

But the place he liked best of all was the edge of Farmer Cobb's lettuce patch, where he nibbled contentedly at the fresh crisp lettuce; and on the way back he often stopped for a bite in the clover field where the clover was so deliciously sweet.

"That is the most dangerous place you go, Honey-bunch," scolded Hunny-bunch one day just after he had gotten in with his breath smelling strongly of lettuce.

"A lot of the other fellows go there!" Honey-bunch told her sulkily.

"Yes, perhaps they do. But sooner or later they'll get caught. Farmer Cobb will shoot them, or feed them poison, or his dog will get them—and there's a wicked snare up there! Why won't you play around home!" And poor Hunny-bunch began to cry softly because she was frightened for her reckless little son. So Honey-bunch promised then that he would never go there again.

Honey-bunch didn't go for a long time. But one day his mother sent him to the store to buy some things for dinner, and he heard some of his playmates planning to go up to the lettuce patch for a feast late in the afternoon. They coaxed Honey-bunch to come too, but Honey-bunch wouldn't promise.

That afternoon though he saw them going, and thought what a fine time they'd



Bunny Sat on a Log and Played Banjo

have. But he got his banjo and perched up on his pet todootool to see if he couldn't forget about the fellows up at that prize lettuce patch. His mother came out while he was playing the banjo and said she was going to a thimble party.

Honey-bunch watched until she was out of sight, then off he dashed to the lettuce patch. She would never know, he reasoned, he'd get back first, and why shouldn't he have a good time? In ten minutes he was eating busily, and laughing and joking with his play fellows. Suddenly he heard an angry shout. He looked up as Farmer

Cobb came running from his house with his gun; and racing along ahead was his dog.

At first Honey-bunch was so frightened he couldn't move! But a bullet whizzed by his head—he gave one bound and cleared the lettuce patch! Terror ^{is not} speed to Honey-bunch's flight; but, swift as he was, Farmer Cobb's dog was swifter and grabbed him by one long, soft, white ear alighting it cruelly with his sharp teeth.

Honey-bunch never knew how he reached home. He was covered with blood, and Bunny bunch had just gotten in and was frantic. Honey-bunch was afraid she was going to faint, but she didn't.

This taught Honey-bunch a fine lesson. He never goes far from home alone now, and hasn't been to the lettuce patch from that day to this.

BOY WAS CLEVER.

The acumen of Julius Rosenwald, who subscribed \$2,000,000 to the United States Liberty loan, led a Chicagoan to say:

"It was impossible to over-reach Rosenwald, even when he was a boy.

"One summer day, when a boy, he delivered some eggs to a druggist, for egg phosphate and such like drinks. The druggist counted the eggs, and there was one egg over. Julius demanded it back, but the druggist said:

"No, I'll keep it, and you can have a drink at the fountain."

"All right," said the boy.

"Now, then," said the druggist, "what'll you have?"

"Egg phosphate," said Julius."

What He Couldn't Do

"Can your husband claim exemption?"

"Well, I don't see how he can be strong enough to fight abroad when he is too weak at home to take up a carpet."

And one day Roy and his mother found the bowl of the pipe covered with a thin layer of the mud-dauber's building material. It was beautifully smooth, and flush with the rim of the bowl. The mud-dauber had finished his work.

No doubt, later on, he taught his children the lesson of perseverance, and related how he had tried again and again before he had been able to build them a home in the clay pipe.

Necessity Is The Mother Of Invention

Ox-tail soup! Did you ever stop to think that this is perhaps the only soup that is made out of the tail of an animal? We use many animals for food, and we use nearly every part of the animal, but the use of the ox-tail for cooking purposes is unique. Its origin as a soup is also unique, and is only another proof of the quotation, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Its use in soup dates back to the French Revolution, and is one of the good things that came out of a horror. During the reign of terror, in 1793, many of the nobles were reduced to beggary, and starvation stared many a one in the face. One of these nobles being more observant than the others, noticed that the wagons that carried the hides of animals to the tanneries contained besides the skins, the tails. He also knew that nearly every part of the ox was eatable and so he thought he would try an experiment. Begging for permission to cut off a few of the tails of the hides that hung from the wagon, he took them to his home and boiled them down to a soup. In his starving state he thought he had never tasted anything so good, and he was not slow in telling his secret to a few of his noble-friends. Very soon there was a great demand for the tails of oxen, and the popularity of the soup gained, and still holds first place among good soups. Next time you eat ox-tail soup you will know how it was found out, and you will be able to entertain your friends by a recital of this anecdote.

Young Traveller Reaches Saskatoon

Master Fred Horner, aged eight years, is an interesting young traveller who reached Saskatoon a few days ago having made the entire journey from Liverpool, England, quite by himself. Master Fred's father is in the army, and he has been reading with his grandmother since his parents came to Canada four years ago. Mrs. Horner lives in Saskatoon, and, through lack of definite information as to the train on which her son would arrive, was unfortunately not at the depot to meet Fred, she having gone to Regina on Saturday, expecting to meet him there.

THE CORNSTALKS.

Did you ever chance to see them,
All those gentlefolk of corn,
Who bow from morn to evening
And from evening unto morn?

How they bend and how they curtsy
With the music of the breeze,
Which whistles all their tunes to them,
And rustles in the trees

How polite they are and stately
As they bend and dip so low,
Like ladies in the minuets
Of long and long ago

—Katherine B. Owen.

OUR :: PUZZLE :: CORNER

FOOTBALL PUZZLE



A pennant and a football big
And a loud hurrah for Tommy's rig!

Find Tommy's rig by cutting out and pasting the black pieces together.
The answer will appear in the Bulletin of next Saturday.

ANIMAL ADDITIONS.

1. Add a letter to a ceremony, transpose and find an animal of five letters.
2. Add a letter to "an Indian warrior," transpose and find an animal of six letters.
3. Add a letter to "a fluid in the form of air," transpose and find an animal of four letters.
4. Add a letter to "a public walk," transpose and find an animal of five letters.
5. Add a letter to "a part," and find an animal of five letters.
6. Add a letter to a "vulgar person who apes gentility," transpose, and find an animal of five letters.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Following Are the Answers to the
Puzzles of Last Saturday

"Four Letter Squares"—

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. | 2. |
| 1. T-A-L-C. | 1. S-C-O-W. |
| 2. A-R-E-A. | 2. C-O-R-E. |
| 3. L-E-A-P. | 3. O-R-A-L. |
| 4. C-A-P-E. | 4. W-E-L-D. |

A Fish Salad—1. Bass. Stabs. 3. Eel-Leek. 3. Cod-Dock. 4. Hole-Loser. 10. Haddock-Shaddock. 6. Shad-Shard. 7. Clam-Claim. 8. Oyster-Destroy. 9. Carp-Crape.

HIDDEN ARTICLES FOUND IN A BAKERY.

Teacher said to me, "Phillip I expect you to be an example to the others." I consider the bulb unsafe in the cold ground. Jacob reads his Bible every day. Jessica keeps the pantry in order every day during her vacation. The ancient arts of the Greeks are well known.

Good Use For Cat.

Visitor—What peculiar markings your cat has!

Wife of Author—Yes, when Egbert gets excited over his war articles he doesn't mind where he wipes his pen. —(Passing Show).

Solution to Last Week's Sewing Puzzle



NEW SHOES.

(Continued from Page Three)

Into Sunday School stepped Doris as if she were walking on soft boiled eggs. She thought: "Well, I may not be the handsomest person on earth, but look at my feet!"

There was a Missionary from Siam visiting in town, and so that Sunday instead of having regular lessons, the Missionary gave a talk about Siam. It was awfully interesting, but while the other children listened with might and main, Doris was squirming and squirming. She just couldn't help it. Her feet had begun to get fiery hot as soon as the first hymn was over, and then they began to hurt as if little imps with sharp scissors were snipping her toes and heels.

Doris shut her lips tight and clenched her little hands, and the Missionary's voice sounded like a phonograph away far off, and she never heard a word he said. Baked alive! Doris was glad when the last hymn was sung! She hurried out, not stopping to speak to anybody, and Willie hurried after her.

Off they started down the road. Willie asked: "Why, Sis, what's the matter, huh?"

Doris was as white as a sheet and tears were in her eyes.

"Willie," she whispered, holding his arm to keep from falling. "My-my new shoes are k-k-killing me!"

Willie was scared and dragged Doris to the side of the road. Down he went on his knees and began to unbutton the pearl buttons.

"Take 'em off," he growled. "I'll carry 'em. Why didn't you say somethin' about it?"

Off came both shoes.

"Take off my socks, too," said Doris faintly. "I feel better now."

Off came Doris' socks and the color came back into her cheeks.

"Come on," said Brother Willie. "You're a regular little goose, Dorrie."

"There was some nice, cool, soft mud along the side of the road, and did Doris wade along in it and curl up her toes and feel the de-a-delicious mud oozing through? Well, yes.

Mother met them at the door, and when she saw Willie carrying the shoes and Doris' muddy feet, she only smiled.

"They were a bargain, Mother," Doris said, sorrowfully. "an'-an' I'm sorry they might be wasted, bu-but they pretty-near killed me—didn't they, Willie?"

"Sure did!" agreed Willie.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," smiled Mother. "We'll put these shoes up on a shelf in your room, Doris, where you can see them, and whenever you feel like buying something silly and foolish and uncomfortable just because it is stylish, why just peep at your shoes and remember!"

"Comfort first!" cried Doris. "Yes, Sir, Mummy-dear! No more pointed shoes for me!"

Not Love.

"I told that woman I would make any sacrifice she demanded if she would only come into my home."

"You must have loved her a great deal."

"Loved her nothing! We wanted a good cook."

Testing the Dog.

Subbubs (to visitor)—Oh, how are you? Come right in. Don't mind the dog.

Visitor—But won't he bite?

Subbubs—That's just what I want to see. I only bought him this morning.

Adventures of Uncle Wiggily

By Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily and the Horseradish

Copyright, 1917, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"What are you doing now?" asked Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzly, the muskrat lady housekeeper of Uncle Wiggily one morning. The rabbit gentleman was in his vegetable garden.

"Why," answered Mr. Longears, "I am thinking which next of my crops of beans, potatoes, squash, pumpkins or corn I shall bring in the hollow stump bungalow cellar to keep all winter."

"Why don't you bring in the potatoes next?" asked Nurse Jane. "They might freeze."

"I think that's what I'll do," went on Uncle Wiggily. "Then I'll gather the popcorn which was so good at making believe it was a gun and scaring the fox. Next, I'll pick the string beans, which were so brave as to tie up the bad alligator that caught me. Oh, I have a fine lot of vegetables!"

The vegetables felt very happy on hearing this, and if you don't believe that vegetables have feelings, just cut a pumpkin vine in two and see how sorrowfully it shrivels up.

So Uncle Wiggily began to gather his potatoes, and by night he had the bin in his cellar almost full. The rabbit gentleman worked so hard that day, and he was so tired that night—and so was Nurse Jane—that they forgot to lock the bungalow doors and windows.

Now, the sly old fox had never given up trying to catch Uncle Wiggily, even though the bad creature had failed many times. And this night, snaking around the bungalow, and seeing a window open, he crawled.

"Now I shall get Uncle Wiggily," chuckled the fox to himself.

Up to the old rabbit gentleman's room crept the sly creature, and in the dark he saw the bunny rabbit gentleman's pink nose twinkling in bed.

"Now is my chance to get him!" thought the fox. So, with a clab he carried, he aimed a blow at Uncle Wiggily's nose, thinking to stun the bunny so he could the more easily carry the rabbit off to the den.

But just then Uncle Wiggily dreamed he was giving a big jump over a rod, in a race with Johnnie Bush-bail, the boy squirrel, and, in his sleep, Uncle Wiggily drew up his legs and straightened them out again very quickly. So quickly, in fact, that he caught the fox under his left ear and kicked him right out of the open window. Uncle Wiggily did.

But the fox dropped his club, and down it fell, "ker-bunk!" right on Uncle Wiggily's pink, twinkling nose.

"Ouch! Oh, my! I'm hurt. Oh, Nurse Jane!" cried the bunny rabbit.

From her room Nurse Jane came running in.

"Oh, Wiggy!" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know," he answered. "But I am badly hurt. I think it was the big-squar fox! You had better go for Dr. Possum."

Poor Uncle Wiggily was badly hurt, but for that matter so was the fox. Away he limped from the hollow stump bungalow, saying to himself:

"Well, it must have been a mule that

kicked me out of the window! I do not know Uncle Wiggily had a mule. G'wowl!"

Away sneaked the fox, but still did he do Uncle Wiggily any good. He was hurt on his pink twinkling nose.

"And I must have Dr. Possum," he said. "I'd like to get him for you," said Nurse Jane, "but I am afraid to go at night in the dark night."

"Take my automobile," said Uncle Wiggily.

Nurse Jane went out to get the automobile, but there was no gasoline in the tank and she could not run it.

"Then take my airship," said Uncle Wiggily, whose twinkling nose hurt him very much. "The telephone wire broke when the fox fell on it."

And the toy circus balloons that made the rabbit gentleman's airship float above the clouds were all broken, too, so Nurse Jane could not take the airship.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the muskrat lady. "What is the matter?" asked a voice in the garden, near where the airship was kept.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily's nose is broken and I want to go after Dr. Possum, but I can't, as the automobile and airship are of no use," answered the muskrat lady.

"Ha! I'll go!" said a brave voice.

"Who are you?" asked Nurse Jane, surprised like.

"The horse radish in Uncle Wiggily's garden," was the answer. "I can run fast and I am strong. I'll get the doctor!"

And he did. Tearing himself loose from the earth away ran the horse radish to Dr. Possum's house, and soon the animal doctor came in his auto and made Uncle Wiggily's nose all better.

So you see it is a good thing to have a garden.

THE PRINCE AND THE WHIPPING BOY.

Upon a day, of olden days,
A royal lad at school,
In mischief apt, with many a prank,
Defied the good dame's rule.

But England's prince no rod might strike,

Though rich were his desert;
Another must the penance bear,
Another feel the hurt

The "whipping-boy" stood forth to take

The blows he had not earned;
Full meek he stood; no sense of wrong
Within his bosom burned.

Young Edward saw the rod upraised,
His "whipping-boy" to smite;
And suddenly his princely soul
Revolled at the sight.

The shame, the shame, the tingling shame

No blood of kings could brook
Forward he sprung, the falling rod
In his own hand he took:

"Mine is the blame—be mine the shame

For what I only wrought;
Let none but me endure the pain
My deed alone has brought."

Thus, on a day of days, it chanced,
A royal schoolboy learned
That noble hearts in every age
A coward's shield have spurned.

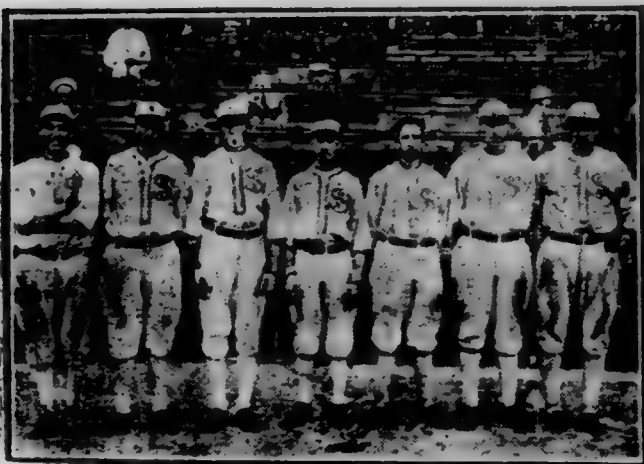
The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917.

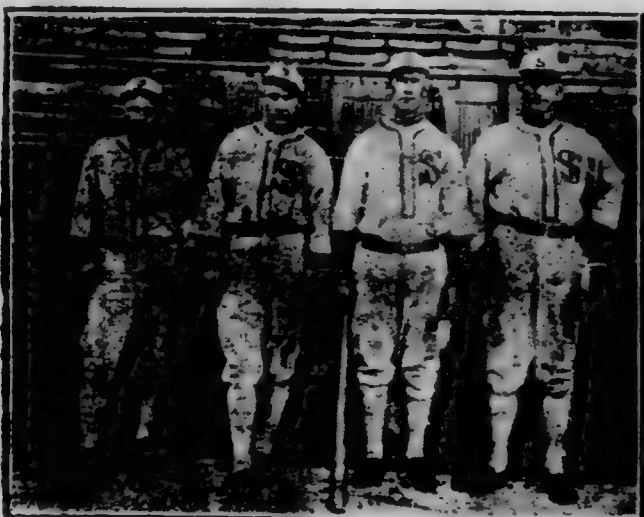
CONTENDERS FOR WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



Some of the stars of the Giants, left to right: "Pol" Perritt, Tesreau, Benton, Schupp, Demaree and Anderson. These are a line-up of strong twirlers upon which the New Yorkers count to capture the championship.



White Sox stalwarts, left to right: Weaver, McMullen, Jourdan, Byrne, E. Collins and Gandil.



White Sox outfielders, reading from left to right: Leibold, Welsch, Collins and Jackson.



The redoubtable "T.R." who has gone on the warpath after Senator La Follette and other men whom he calls traitors to America.

Store Closes Daily
At 5:30
Saturday 6:00

JAMES RAMSEY
LIMITED

'Phone Private
Exchange
9311

Handsome Dining Room Furniture !

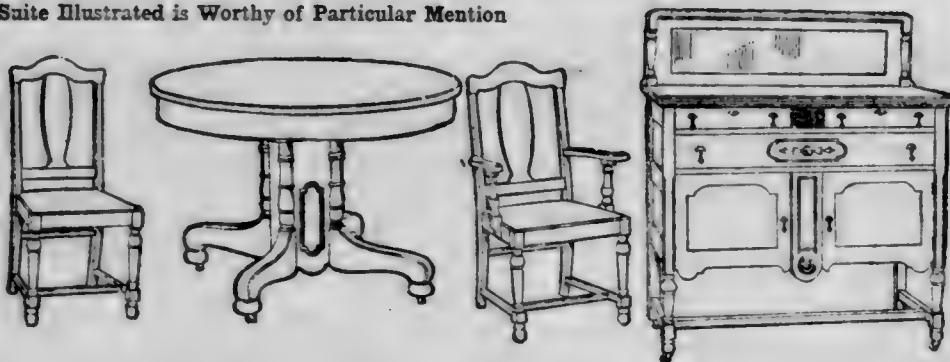
The Handsome Suite Illustrated is Worthy of Particular Mention

Buffet 21x48 inch top, large plate mirror at back, full sized two-door cupboard with shelf, long linen drawer, and two small drawers, one lined for cutlery, all fitted with old brass drop pulls.

Table 44x44 inch round top, extends to six feet, designed and finished to match buffet.

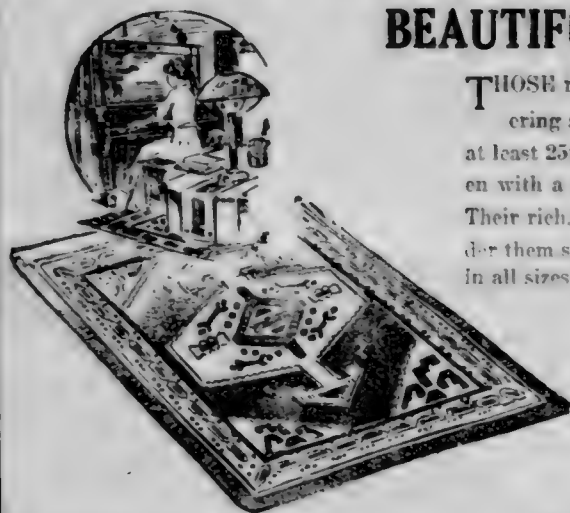
Chairs, 1 arm and 5 small chairs with full box seats, designed to match table and buffet, neatly shaped, high backs; seats are three quarter upholstered with genuine leather. This beautiful suite is made of solid quarter cut oak, and is decidedly in a class of its own. Priced very reasonably at

\$107.50



Beautiful Display of Autumn Floor Coverings

BEAUTIFUL WILTON RUGS



THOSE requiring a durable and artistic floor covering should embrace this opportunity and save at least 25% on today's prices. These rugs are woven with a close even worsted pile, and heavy back. Their rich, soft coloring, and handsome designs render them suitable for any room. A huge assortment in all sizes:

Size 6'9"x9'. Priced at ..\$36.75
Size 9'x9'. Priced at\$49.00
Size 9'x10'6". Priced at ..\$55.00
Size 9'x12'. Priced at ..\$63.00

Heavy Brussels Rugs

There is richness of color and design that appeals just as much as the wearing qualities in these Brussels rugs. Beautiful floral and conventional designs for bed-rooms; also splendid Oriental styles for the living or dining-room:

Size 4'6"x6'\$ 9.00
Size 4'6"x7'6"\$11.50
Size 6'9"x9'\$21.00
Size 9'x9'\$27.00

English Tapestry Rugs

Sturdy, hard wearing rugs that will give genuine satisfaction; new floral and near conventional designs, in a host of pleasing shadings:

Size 6'x9'\$12.00
Size 9'x9'\$17.00
Size 9'x10'6"\$19.00
Size 9'x12'\$21.00

Ramsey's Reliable Printed Linoleums !

For artistic appearance and long lasting wear, are by far the superior floor covering. At present we are showing a complete range of the best patterns obtainable, in all the most popular colorings.

2 yards wide, per square yard 80c
4 yards wide, per square yard 90c

Scotch Wool Art Squares, Specially Priced

It seems ridiculous, but nevertheless we offer these pure wool rugs for a mere fraction of their actual value; woven seamless, fast colors, hard finish, and very artistic designs, include plain centres with pretty floral borders. Unusually good value:

Size 9'x9'. Each\$19.00
Size 9'x10'6". Each\$22.00
Size 9'x12'. Each\$25.00

The Corset is the Foundation !

And as the foundation is correct or not, may you expect your entire wardrobe to be. Buy the corset first. Be assured of the proper fitting of your suits and gowns—and the corset will determine that. Our corsetieres like to sell these corsets because they are so satisfactory to you, to them and to us.



Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets *Redfern Corsets*

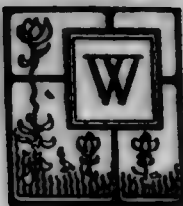
They are guaranteed to you,—their fit, their comfort, their wear. They are easy to fit, and their high quality and moderate price make them popular. We know we can safely recommend them, for they are guaranteed to us, too. Front and Back Lace Models—Prices range from the plain, but rust-proof and guaranteed Warner's, to the finest achievement of modern corsetieres at \$1.50, to a handsome Redfern model, at\$10.00



MOONLIGHT PAJAMAS

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



WASHINGTON Square is a pos-
sessor's paradise. But like all mun-
dane creations it is a flawed and im-
perfect thing. Dirty and noisy young-
sters, from the con-
gestion of the

crooked and crowded streets of the Lit-
tle Italy section that bounds Greenwich
Village on the south and west, scramble
over the benches and improvise raucous
games in the shade of the great trees.

Prayed fetsam from South street and
faded jetsam that eddy in the throngs of
Brooklyn Bridge have a penchant for
working over into the square and drows-
ing comfortably through the long, listless
afternoon.

Weary, willing alum mothers, efficient
only in the piercing quality of their voice,
follow the children into the shaded walks
and squat and sweat porcinely on the
benches, shrieking threats and entreaties
at the gamboling youngsters.

Josephine Webber viewed the noisy
concourse with jet-fringed eyes, dark
with disfavor. Only the presence of the
philosophical anarchist on the opposite
bench kept her there at all. Otherwise
she might have yielded to the impulse to
mount the rickety stairs
to her own garret "stu-
dio" and cry for garret-
less Duluth.

She wished she might
have had the temerity
to approach the young
man, but the vaunted
unconventionality of the
Village never seemed to
serve when needed.

Once or twice she
caught him staring at
her, but always stealth-
ily and never with that
undefinable something
about the eyes that
spells invitation or en-
couragement.

He had rather inter-
esting eyes. They were
brown and long and re-
posed beneath a tre-
mendous projecting
brow. His hair was
long and his collar, not
overclean itself, con-
trived to benefit by con-
trast with the flowing
black tie. His jacket
was a dingy affair of
well-worn black velvet.
It might have been a
house back in the mists
of antiquity, but now it
was merely a straight,
stingy affair that hung
lankily from the young
man's narrow shoul-
ders.

Safety pins held it
together in front. They
were a discordant touch
in the picturesque en-
semble. Josephine didn't
mind the high-toed yellow shoes or the
bright blue uncreased trousers. They
spelled deliberate revolt against the silly
excesses of fashion. But the safety pins—
well, back in Duluth safety pins spelled
rudeness in girls and perfectly un-
speakable traits in men.

The young man was reading a volume
of Freud. On the preceding day he had
read Tolstol, and before that a red vol-
ume of Turgeneff had claimed his at-
tention.

She sensed him at once for a true in-
tellectual—probably an expatriate stu-
dent from some one of the nations now
convulsed in war. No doubt he belonged
to the Liberal Club and frequented Sally's
Place and the Purple Pup and all the
other notable rendezvous of the true bo-
hemians.

His lean, nervous fingers suggested a

Life in Greenwich Village was a wonderful thing until the awak-
ening came—but then Davie's prophecy came true and all was well

sculptor or a musician. She wondered
which. Then he lifted his eyes from the
page and the blue and the brown met
with disconcerting suddenness. The girl
sought to meet his gaze with the legen-
dous friendliness that is supposed to be
the hall mark of bohemia. But she only
succeeded in tilting her chin a trifle and
growing very red in the face.

A GLEAM of slow amusement burned
in the brown eyes. They swept the
girl's slender figure leisurely, then ad-
verted to the round, flushed countenance be-
neath the black tam-o'-shar. It was
of new, shiny velvet, hardly darker than
the bobbed hair. Her studio smock was
open rather lavishly at the throat and
its checks were exceedingly large and
loud. Her little stubby shoes boasted flat
heels and her white silk stockings re-
vealed the flesh tints rather too obviously.

properly casual as she smiled and mur-
mured "Sure."

It had been on the tip of her tongue to
say "I am sure I should be delighted."
They always said that in Duluth at the
Boat Club. "Sure" triumphed, however,
as being more consonant with the at-
mosphere of the conventional territory
just south of the Washington Arch.

They fell into step together, threading
their way through the grimy throngs in
the curved walks. A Fifth avenue bus
halted and a sightseeing throng descend-
ed. They stared at the man and the girl
and nudged each other.

"Did you ever see the like?"

"And she's quite pretty, too!"

"But flat heels and bobbed hair—it's
perfectly silly."

Josephine heard that last. It might
have been intended for the little pink
ears but half-concealed beneath the



Once or twice she
caught him staring
at her, but always
stealthily.

He seemed to recognize the type.
Without withdrawing his gaze, he tucked
the book in his pocket and rose to his
feet. Slowly he wended his way through
the toddlers from enviroing alums and
came over.

"Dinner time at Sally's," he declared.
"Come on over."

Josephine flushed and thrilled. How
utterly unconventional! It was adorably
like the story book delineation of the
place. There had been no prefatory
"Pardon me" or any other banal apology
for travestied formality.

It required an effort to keep her voice

raggedly bobbed hair. The
pink ears grew pinker. She
thrust her clenched fists
deeper into her smock pock-
ets and strode on, her fixed
gaze limning her piquant
profile against the red brick of a rescue
mission building.

The sightseeing throng from Peoria
threaded their way through the square,
buzzing in excited conversation. Bohe-
mia had put forth its best for them.
There remained only the restaurants and
radical bookshops, where one might be

reasonably sure that the person next to
one believed in free love and sabot-
age.

The girl averted her face so that the
other might not see that her lips trem-
bled. She was tremendously afraid that
after all bobbed hair was silly! And it
took years and years to grow long again
—years and years during which she might
never return home! Minnesota puts its
own construction upon girls with bobbed
hair. It always means scarlet fever or
scarlet morals in Duluth.

© © ©

THE man broke in on her medita-
tions.

"Gabbling geese," he said, his deep
voice quiver with infinite disgust.

"I—I know," said the girl. "Where I
come from everybody is just like that."

"And so you came away," added the
man. "Why?"

"I can tell you," said the girl. "You'll
—understand. It was the way people
looked at things—everyday things—as
the whole sum of existence. Never a
queer, strange little outlaw thought,
never an unconventional yearning, no
daring, no chance. A—a fellow wanted
to marry me—a bank clerk. But—well, I
draw a little, you know. Just good
enough so I could hope for bigger things."

The man nodded. He grasped her arm

firmly and steered her
up the steps of a dingy
red building on one of
the streets west of the
square. From some-
where in the higher
gloom came the clatter-
ing of knives and forks
and strident, high-
pitched laughter and
conversation.

He paused and thrust
a door open. From
within came the savory
odor of fried things. A
girl in a long, purple
gown, with a cord gir-
dle, looked up and
laughed.

"I'll make room,
Davie," she cried.

The man next to her
glanced up through
thick glasses.

"Sit in," he croaked.
He pulled his plate over
with a thick, pudgy
hand that showed dirt
through the yellow nails.
He smiled at Josephine.

"First time," he said
succinctly. "Oh, I know
'em all. Spot the real
ones the first time and
shams on the second
visit. What's yours?"

"I—I draw a little,"
she said timidly.

"Oh," said the man.
He seemed to grimace
across the table at a girl
with snallow features and
pale green eyes who
wore an improvised
dunce cap. "I was al-
luding to the clandestine
cocktail, not your 'spe-
cial line of endeavor."

"Anything," said the
girl. She knew about
cocktails. The rose
room of the St. Claire in
Duluth served them.
She had had a Bronx
once.

"Anything" is con-
strued to mean "Sally's
Special," here," explained the stranger.

"They put a real dash of honest abstin-
ence in it. Over at the Crivoort, across the
square, it costs more and tastes less."

The girl stared about her. There were
two long tables, running parallel, in
boarding-house fashion, and both were
pretty well crowded. There were two an-

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Music in Edmonton Schools

A Survey of What Has Been Accomplished and What the Potentialities Are
With Respect to Teaching the Child a Subject That Sharpens
Faculties of Mind and Perception.

Public school curricula did not always embrace such studies as music, art, domestic science and manual training, and the time is in the memory of most of us, who think on these lines at all, when the very suggestion of departing from the beaten track our fathers trod in their Public schooling would be ridiculed. The idea of fostering the gentle art of music in the Public school as expressed in singing and giving regular place to it on the time table, to teach sight-singing in a logical, progressive manner, has been laughed to scorn in days gone by. But, through the inherent value of the thing itself, and the patience and perseverance of those conducting it, it has come to stay. Much has been written to champion the cause and prove the value of music as a daily activity in the school, but that seems unnecessary now. Nevertheless, if there are yet unbelievers, let them think over the following points: Supervisor Should Be a Musician.

Good music enriches the soul. If the supervisor is a musician he will dispense nothing but good music. If there is no supervisor, or if he is not a musician, inferior music is apt to creep in. Good music beautifies voice and trains emotions to lofty expression. If the voice is not beautiful the expression will not be lofty. Voices are not apt to be made beautiful by the ordinary grade teacher unless directed by a specialist, and this voice point needs closer supervision than any other. It sharpens such faculties of the mind as perception, memorization, reasoning, concentration, accuracy and self control. These latter things are particularly the by-products of the sight-singing side of the music lesson—simply by-products, but very valuable; the main thing is, the pupils are learning to read music by note.

In a city system the music is in the hands of the supervisor, his assistant instructors, the grade teachers and the pupils themselves, with the grade teachers doing the most of the teaching. The supervisor plans the courses and periodically visits the class rooms where he sees the teacher teach, or teaches himself, and gives what advice is necessary for betterment of progress. If he has assistant instructors they will give periodic lessons in certain grades. But this is all to help the grade teacher to the best manner of presenting this difficult subject. The teacher needs at least one year of Normal school training to give her a fair working knowledge of the subject as presented in the Public schools.

System In Force
In Edmonton.

In Edmonton there are 193 Public

school classes, in every one of which the music is carried on under the direction of the supervisor of music, J. Norman Eagleson, Mus. Bsc. Under this direction 160 out of the 193 teachers his or her own music, and 32 teach this subject to other classes besides their own. Each teacher has a statement of the amount of work to be covered in a year, which is accomplished by the assistance of ten monthly outlines, monthly classes held for teachers by the supervisor, at which the best methods of teaching are discussed, special courses given by the supervisor for newly appointed teachers, and the supervisor's periodic visits to the class room.

The scattered nature of the city's population (over 64 square miles with a number of the schools at the outer edge of habitation), makes a difficult problem for the supervisor, particularly when working without assistants, but Mr. Eagleson manages to get to almost every class and spend from 20 to 30 minutes with them once in seven weeks, giving assistance where necessary, and reporting on each class as he finds it.

Grade II. Pupils

Two years ago the school board considered it necessary, as a measure of economy, to dispense with Mr. Eagleson's two assistants, but showed their wisdom in retaining the supervisor in order to hold together this important part of the Public school work until assistants could be again secured, as better times come.

The method used is "moveable doh in staff notation." The text book is the New Normal Music Course, which is first placed in the hands of the children in Grade II, for the beginning of sight-reading work. In the First Grade the pupils spend all their time in gaining a musical experience and learning how properly to use their voices through the singing of a great many songs taught to them by note by teacher. A number of these songs are called study songs and are the basis of teaching note reading in the next grade. The reading work is made progressive from grade II, up, two-part songs beginning in the latter half of grade IV, and three and four part songs in grades VII and VIII. The children are all the time learning the elements of notation which knowledge grows out of their practice and this "learning by doing" is a much better way of learning rudiments than by having specific theory lessons on the arithmetical relationships amongst notes and rests of various values.

Needs of Material Is Emphasized.

There is constantly a great need felt for a greater variety of material for the pupils to work on than that now at their disposal. More material is needed in the primary grades for rote work and again in the senior grade for note work. A hope is constantly expressed amongst the teaching force that the time should not be distant when the school board will find it possible to buy the music readers for the pupils and supply an adequate quantity and variety of supplementary music.

The music of the public schools is capable of most interesting expansion which should always be kept in view by the musical public of Edmonton. To this end more moral and financial support should be accorded it. When we look at what is being done in the leading American cities and towns we get a glimpse of what is possible. The high schools in these cities are resounding with music from chorus and orchestra, in the public schools orchestras are organized and violin

and piano lessons given without charge. Harmony and music appreciation are strong features of study in the high schools and the pupils credited for their study in this as in other subjects. In Edmonton this will come in the same proportion as the people wake up to the need of it and as financial conditions improve.

ANNA CASE JOINS STARS OF SCREEN NOT QUITTING MUSIC

Announcement that Anna Case, the prominent young American soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company is to enter motion pictures for a limited period has just been made.

Miss Case's first picture will be begun next February, immediately after she completes her concert engagements, for which she has been booked ever since the end of her last tournee. The story will relate the struggles against great odds of a poor, but gifted American girl, who, through force of her character and talents alone, rises to a position of dominance in the world's greatest opera company.

Miss Case has had offers from many of the leading film producers. Before she would consent to sign a contract she insisted upon a series of camera tests to assure herself that she would make no mistake to enter the new field.

The soprano has no idea of retiring from concert and opera. She will have ample time for music and pictures, devoting half the year to the one and half to the other.

EVER NOTICE THAT—

The great souls of music are invariably simple and unassuming human beings, while the small fry are almost always dramatic and patronizing?

The so-called "leading musician" of the smaller community is quite frequently the deadliest foe of local musical progress because of his self-complacent, self-satisfied attitude, and his hostility toward newcomers?

The church that has the smallest and least responsive congregation is the one whose board fails to secure the services of professional artists for the musical services?

The practice of calling attention to the faults of others is merely a subtle method of drawing attention to our own superiority?

Concerts Behind British Lines By Finest Artists of London

Men Demand Selections from Old English Favorites, Simple in Sentiment and Unmartial in Spirit—Prefer Classical or Semi-Classical Instrumental Music

Concerts are being given behind the British front in France and Belgium at the rate of 5000 a year. At the same time the British troops in Egypt and Malta are receiving relatively almost as generous musical attention.

Such is the development of the system organized by Lena Ashwell, the English actress, acting in conjunction with the women's auxiliary committees of the Y. M. C. A., for keeping Tommy Atkins entertained in his relaxation hours. Miss Ashwell and her associates have the control and management of no fewer than ten concert parties, of which six are on a permanent basis, while the remaining four, so-called "visiting" parties, are freshly organized for each tour of five or six weeks.

While most of the Tommies love a sentimental song and the very few really successful "war-songs," so-called, have succeeded undoubtedly on the strength of their undercurrent of simple, homely sentiment, the London Daily Telegraph points out that, gen-

NOTES ON AND OFF THE LINE

Mr. Herbert Wild, organist and choirleader of Robertson Presbyterian church and a director of the Associate Music studios, has been appointed conductor of the recently organized Edmonton choral society.

Mr. F. Hayden Morris has opened a studio at room 106 Pandoras building, which is also the office of the Hayden Morris choir which has recently been organized by this enterprising musician.

Miss Marion Seymour has been elected president of the Edmonton Women's Musical club for the current year owing to the resignation of Mrs. W. G. Atkinson.

Mr. Boris Hambourg gave a number of concerts for patriotic purposes on his recent western tour, when all the proceeds were turned over to the various funds—nearly a thousand dollars being donated as a result.

Lives there a person with soul so dead, Who has not said, "This is my own, My own national anthem?"

Mme. Leginska, "the Paderewski of woman pianists," has been engaged to play at five performances with the New York Symphony Orchestra this season. She has already played a score of times with this famous organization. Walter Daprosch, who is a great admirer of this young English-woman's art, has engaged her for the past five seasons consecutively. For return engagements, resulting from last season's triumphs, Mme. Leginska has been re-engaged by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and the Boston Symphony for three concerts two of them in Boston.

In a recent interview Leopold Godowsky stated that he believed a revival of romanticism in music will come about through our communication with other planets. "When such communication is established there will be an endless field for the revival of fantastic and imaginative music," says the great pianist.

Setting a tennis game to music is an accomplishment that is credited to Debussy. It is a dance pantomime written for Russian. Let the Canadian step forward that will set a game of baseball or golf to music.

Mabel Beddoe, famous Canadian contralto, was once the guest at "Craigdarroch," Montvale, in Southern Scotland, of Sir William and Lady Mather. This historical residence of Annie Laurie naturally awakened interest in the young artist, so one evening with her host and hostess she was afforded the privilege of dining with Annie Laurie at "Maxwellton," one of the oldest and finest estates in that section, mentioned in the famous song. After dinner Miss Beddoe sang the old song from the same book used by Annie Laurie, following her own

markings

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three elderly men and a sharp-eyed old woman, who stared at her for disconcertingly long moments. The rest of the crowd were young—slender chaps with tiny mustaches and long hair and dirty collars, and young girls with glasses and checked studio jackets like her own and bobbed hair. Those nearest her talked casually.

"Edna sold a fresco design yesterday," said a plump girl on her right. She nodded toward a thin, dark-eyed Spanish type across the room. "I suppose now that Jack will be back."

The others laughed.

"I suppose so," said the man with the yellow nails. "Jack always insists upon being supported in the style to which he has been accustomed."

"Rather has become accustomed," amended a waspish-looking bald-headed young artist. "Jack's epicurean tastes are a recent cultivation. The Flemish Oven table d'hôte used to be his limit."

"That Hadley girl still drags him there," shrieked another girl from the far end of the table.

"Well, she's paying for it," some one cried.

"With bronze cupids sold through the Buccaneer's Haven," amended a third. "I told Jack he ought to help home industry by starting a pushcart campaign."

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IT SEEMED the signal for a general laugh. The waiter brought her a cocktail. He wore a monocle and smoked a Turkish cigarette. The man with the yellow nails, under cover of the laughter, varied confidential.

"A real character," he said. "Sally's latest acquisition. Not as industrious as her last one, but more picturesque. Agreed to wait on table, but wouldn't discard the eyeglass. Sally held out against a general protest on the quality of his cigars. They've hit it off nicely for five months."

"He's English, isn't he?" queried the girl.

The yellow-nailed one shrugged.

"Says so. Shouldn't wonder. Probably exceedingly awank, this cigarette-smoking stuff."

The meal was well cooked and served in homely profusion. Out in the little kitchen a tall, yellow-haired woman with high cosmetics worked slicing shortcake. Electric needling had made her black brows very narrow and the patent rouge had imparted to her plump cheeks an unblushing tint of scarlet. They were almost as red as her carmine lips.

The serious, jet-fringed eyes mirrored their owner's disapproval. The stranger was watching with a queer, doglike cocking of the head.

"Sally's color scheme is a trifle high," he remarked. "She used to be a waitress

up on Ninth avenue. Moved down here and opened the cats place now honored by your presence. It became a vogue immediately. Upstairs and off the street, you know. Not so many of the sight-seers stampeding it."

A Fabian socialist and a philosophical anarchist argued loudly. The girl who had confided "Edna's" good luck talked along in occasional monosyllables. She was rather stolid and foreign-looking until she smiled. The animation made her features almost pretty.

"Come on up and room with me if you're not satisfied with that Eleventh street place," she invited. "I heard from Roale Trainor that a new girl had moved in next to her. Roale's rather a bore, don't you think?"

"The red-haired one with gold teeth?"

The girl shrieked with laughter.

"Get that," she screeched. "Our esthetic, nature-worshipping Roale goes down in history as the girl with the glinting bicuspids!"

Every one within earshot laughed, and Josephine became momentarily the center of attention. She was horrified by the fact that she was blushing, that she couldn't summon up a single pertly casual remark. Glibness of conversation seemed to be the first requisite for success. It was a crucial moment. "Davie" came to her rescue.

"The embellishments make it funny," he declared. His voice had a good carrying quality. "Hence the credit accrues to Miss Inga Nelson, sometime pride of Blackwater, Wis."

She crowed triumphantly.

"Oh, so ill! Davie's peevish," she cried. "What is it, Davie—the assists on your stuff or the moonlight effects in her studio?"

The table echoed with the cries.

"How about it, Davie?"

"I'll stake mine on the moonlight."

"Or the Turkish divan!"

"Or Roale's latest style of vamping!"

The chatter subsided as abruptly as it had commenced. The latest victim of the mob's attention seemed to have lost interest. He ate with his eyes on his plate. Josephine was glad when the tiny cube of ice cream had been dispatched.

The man with the yellow nails stared at the girl across from him.

"Dutch!" she declared.

"Not much," he protested. "You invited me in here!"

The girl—she was dark and very pretty and might have been Greek or Italian—laughed, revealing splendid teeth.

"Point of order!" she cried.

"Dutch, of course!" shrieked the assembly.

The girl, who had drunk five of "Sally's

The suddenness of the thing startled her, and the man's arms crashed her painfully.

Specials," drummed on the table with her knife.

"Dutch, Dutch, Dutch!" she cried monotonously. "Where does the big stiff get that 'treat' stuff?"

The protestor was not abashed.

"All right," he said. "I'll owe it to you. Vers libre is looking up. I ought to place something this week!"

"You ought to," agreed the girl pointedly. But she paid for both. They went out arm in arm and the throng applauded. The girl turned at the door, petted the yellow-nailed one's cheek and made an impudent moue at the tables. "He's docile, an' I like him!" she proclaimed.

"Bravo!" cried the waiter.

Sally grinned from the doorway.

"Take on a couple more, Clare," she cried. "It helps business."

Their exit was a merry one.

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I DON'T see what Clare sees in that free verse cheese!" declared the plump girl petulantly. "I can understand infatuation and expediency and most of the other things that bring people together in this place, but he's an enigma."

"It isn't his looks, certainly," agreed Josephine.

"Nor his brains," amended Davie.

"Nor his love making, which surpasses understanding," said a third. She was a tall, slender girl with reddish-brown hair and long, indolent eyes. "I think he's positively insufferable, even on rainy afternoons when one hasn't the price to go uptown."

"Dale Minton," said the plump girl in an undertone. "Pastels and stuff. She sells things, too. He made an awful try for Dale."

"And the man?"

"Keith Hargreaves. Just at present the Village is pretending that they believe him to be an undiscovered genius. In a month or two they'll vote him a

mere hophead. Then we won't see him again."

"Why?"

"Because supporting unsexed genius is a fad with the girls who have gotten over, but cultivating a really truly 'fliv' is distinctly de trop."

Josephine groped in her black handbag for her purse.

The man called "Davie" slid a \$5 bill on the table. "Two," he said quietly.

"Davie's flush!" cried the bald-headed man.

"Flush with hush money," crowed the girl in the red silk dress. "I know what he walked in on at Bruce's studio the other night."

"Always knock in McDougal Alley," chided the bald-headed man. "That is, unless—"

"Unless you're shockproof," concluded the girl in red.

The volume of comments and sailing swelled to an uproar as the door closed behind them. Josephine Webber was conscious that her cheeks were burning. "What—what made you pay for me?" she asked.

"I invited you," he explained simply. "I like to observe rules now and then in places where it is the rule to break them."

A drizzling rain was falling. She turned at the street entrance. It was hard to say anything that would tactfully terminate the incident. She wanted to go home alone.

"I suppose," she faltered, "that—that I've seen a cross-section of bohemia?"

"I suppose so," said the man, smiling. "The exhibits admit it! But I am going to see your home. I am always curious about new studios. Some day an outsider will give us a new idea and we'll all ape it and lionize the originator."

They walked over to Sixth avenue and turned north. The little shops were vomiting their clerks and patrons into the

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. —Fuller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

"THE Dawn of a New Patriotism" A Storehouse of Good Information

The appearance of a second edition of John D. Hunt's "The Dawn of a New Patriotism," gives another opportunity for dipping the pitcher into that well of information and concentrated thought; and of again emphasizing how apropos its publication is at the present time when the titanic struggle of the nations is leading the peoples of the world to think more deeply on the problems of their social well being and industrial and economic efficiency than they have done before. "The ultimate security for democracy lies in a community conscience," writes Mr. Hunt in his preface, and even the most casual observer, the shallowest thinker, cannot help being seized with the significance of that observation to the present day and age. To aid in developing that "community conscience" is, we take it, the main purpose of this compendium of the evolutionary progressions of the Anglo-Saxon race, and by a study of the processes, to realize that when "through lack of political knowledge or political morality, citizens fail to realize their responsibilities, when they lose the inspiration that comes from faith in a 'higher law,' which neither legislatures nor courts can either justly or safely set aside, then the very foundation of political liberty is swept away and democracy becomes a mockery, while a plutocratic oligarchy grasps the reins of power and the servants of the people become their masters." If Mr. Hunt helps the people of Western Canada to become possessed of this faith, to touch the hem of this spiritual garment and be inspired and enriched by some of the outgoing virtue he will have performed no little service in creating that "community conscience" which is the salt of the civic as well as of the larger political life.

But as one must dig and delve to get the earth to yield her richest treasures, so it is only by the slow processes of education the people can enter into their political heritage. As the author later on observes, it is not by taking the mere ipse dixit of any man. One must read and study to satisfy himself. It has been in that way the book again under review has been

compiled; and one casually turning over the pages can form some idea of the years of reading and selection before the three hundred odd pages of facts, thoughts, comments and suggestions passed out of the hands of the author to the publisher. One has presented to him the whole panorama of Anglo-Saxon history from the days of the first councils of the elder men, and earlier, to now, when the theory of parliamentary government is being developed to suit the varying conditions of widespread empire.

Reading the pages of this historical record one does not feel he is engaged in the study of history. It is as interesting and fascinating as the reading of a novel. Why? Because the man who made the book has an imagination and has eyes to "consider the lily of the field" as well as the abundance of the grain in its season. One does not know which most to admire: the logical arrangement of the different sections, the natural progressions, with their suggestions for debate and conversation, or the beauty, and copiousness of the quotations. The whole realm of English literature has been surveyed, and out of its riches, and the richness of his reading of it, the author has given us to eat—and it is very manna. Did one but read the historical novels listed in one of the appendices his knowledge of the makers of the language he speaketh and of the life the people lived would be wonderfully enriched.

No book published in recent years should have so much influence in impelling the people who are making this Western empire to ponder over their heritage and think upon the destiny of the nation they are upbuilding. Think! That is why the author has given them his years of thought and study. Think and read; and one hopes with him that the deeply suggestive, inspired work, he has penned may have its fruition in that sensitive "community conscience" upon which only can the superstructure of the commonwealth be safely and sanely erected.

Mr. Hunt, as every one in Alberta should know, is clerk of the executive council.

"OVER THE TOP" Real Addition To Current Literature on the War

OVER THE TOP.
By Arthur Guy Empey.
(Diller's Book Store)

There have been many books published within the last two years dealing with war from many aspects, and the soldier's life in camp and at the battle front.

Some of these have given interesting glimpses of soldiers in the making, the earlier books especially telling in a very illuminating way of the changing of the democratic working man of pre-war days into the disciplined soldier; others describing in a dramatic and soul-stirring manner of his behaviour in the fierce heat of attack in the front line or heroism in defence.

"Over The Top," by Arthur Guy Empey, is the record of the ordinary private's daily life and routine, told by an American who joined up in a British regiment in the summer of 1915, and who served for fifteen months on the western front, being twice wounded, and later discharged as unfit for further service. He gives in a plain, unvarnished, but very readable style, a story of the daily life and routine of the common soldier at the front, a story absolutely without heroes, a straight statement of the matter of fact way in which our boys have settled down to the steady but relentless purpose of beating the Kaiser's hordes at their own game, the art of war.

Dealing as it does with the period between Neuve Chapelle and the Battle of the Somme, it differs from the earlier books, in that it tells less of desperate resistance and grim obstinacy under galling punishment, but more and more of steadily increasing supply of munitions and material, of the development of the consciousness of the power to attempt and gain for the British the "initiative," that factor which means so much to the morale of a modern army. And the reader is made to feel how the consciousness in the rank and file of their ability to hold, and later to beat back the enemy, was steadily growing all through the apparently calm period of

the spring and summer preceding the "big push" at the Somme.

But it is in the impersonal, and yet vivid impression of the daily life and thought of the soldier on the actual battle line that the book excels, and justifies very fully its place as a valuable addition to current literature relating to the war.

The "trench dictionary," which is appended to the story proper, will be found both useful and amusing, and will aid many relatives and friends to understand and enjoy many terms which they find occurring in letters written to them from France, and not fully explained by the soldier writers, to whom the terms have become, as the book clearly shows, of every-day use and reference.

One From Edmonton

The Times' Literary supplement of August 30th contained the following: Five new volumes will shortly be added by Messrs. Dent to their "Everyman's Library." Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law," with a comprehensive introduction by Professor Morgan, of London University; "Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz," a reissue of the translation of 1722, by P. Davall; Victor Duruy's "History of France," translated by Cecil Jane and Lucy Menzies, with an appendix bringing the facts down to the opening of the Great War; a representative collection of "Selected Papers on Philosophy," by William James; and a volume of Gogol's writings containing "Taras Bulba," with "St. John's Eve" and other tales. Five volumes are also being added by Messrs. Dent to the "Wayfarer's Library." "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Janey Canuck in the West," by Emily Ferguson; "The Shadow Third," by H. A. Vachell; "The Saint," by Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by M. Prichard; and "The Minister of State," by J. A. Stewart.

CANADIAN HISTORICAL DATES AND EVENTS

The Canadian Historical Dates and Events, 1492-1915 by Francis J. Audet of the Public Archives of Canada, has just been issued from the presses. As the title indicates, this book contains the most important facts and events in the history of Canada, arranged by subjects, in chronological order. The idea is not a new one. The abbe (afterwards Bishop) Langevin made use of the same plan, nearly sixty years ago. McCord followed in 1888. Both works were limited in extent. The present book does not confine itself to one or two provinces; it embraces the whole country now divided into the nine provinces and the territories which form the Dominion of Canada.

Besides bringing the tables published in former works up to date, the compiler has revised, corrected and re-arranged the matter before treated. He has also added many items or subjects of interest never before published.

Having been employed for nearly thirty years in the Canadian Archives, the compiler has had unusual opportunities for the preparation of his work.

It is being printed on good paper. It will become a standard book of reference on Canadian History, and should be found most useful to libraries, colleges, schools, newspapers, and to all engaged in research work.

The price of the volume, nicely bound in cloth, \$3.00, will place it within the reach of all.

NOTES of Books and the Authors

Sir Rider Haggard has brought out another Allan Quatermain story, "Finished," in which the fortunes of the well known and well beloved old hunter and fighter are continued, much to the delight of his friends—and they are legion.

Sir Gilbert Parker, who has spent the summer in the United States, called last week for England.

Edward E. Shosson has written a book on "Six Major Prophets," and they are: George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, F. C. S. Schiller, John Dewey and Rudolf Bucken.

"English-speaking Peoples," by George Louis Beer, contains the premise that if the political organization of the world is to become a reality an alliance of the English-speaking nations, despite the discredit thrown upon the idea by sentimental exaggeration, is a vital necessity.

Lord Cromer's "After War Problems" international and domestic difficulties discussed with an air of authority, is a book which has just made its appearance.

A work of immediate interest, "The Irish Home Rule Convention," is ready for publication this week by the Macmillan company. The authors are John Quinn, Sir Horace Plunkett and George W. Russell—"A.E." Each of the three authors writes a separate section from his own viewpoint.

OVER THE TOP

By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

A Rattling Good Story of
Actual Experience at the Front.

Diller's Book Store

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Two Latest Books

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING,
By H. G. Wells

\$1.25

CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10023 Jasper.

STEAD'S New Book Makes Its Bow

Sir Gilbert Parker gave the public prairie scene in his tales of Pierre; Mrs. McClung and Ralph Connor have added to the literature of the prairies, and Robert W. Service has been the Kipling of the Yukon. In their various spheres these authors have made valuable additions to Canadian literature, but it has remained for a quiet Calgary author to write books that made western readers involuntary exclaim, "This is the living truth, and a story of mine own people."

Since Robert Stead wrote his first book there has been a steady increase in sales and publicity which have justified the opinion of several noted literary critics, who have sat back and waited—but not in vain—for Robert Stead is now recognized as the authentic author and poet of Western Canada.

Over 300 reviews of his last book, "The Homesteaders," appeared in Canadian papers; a remarkable tribute to its literary excellence. And now this author has another new volume, which made its appearance on Monday of this week, notice of which was sent broadcast by Canadian Press. This is entitled "Kitchener, and Other Poems," with an introduction by William T. Allison, Ph.D., professor of English at Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Many of the poems included in the volume have appeared in leading newspapers in Canada and England. The title poem, "Kitchener," is already well known wherever the English language is spoken. It was eulogized by the London Spectator, was reprinted by English admirers for distribution in the army hospitals, and subsequently found its way around the world in the press of the east and west. It is probably the only poem by a Canadian which was ever included in its entirety in a telegraphic news service.

ANNUAL REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS FOR YEAR 1916

The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs for 1916 has just been issued by the Annual Review Publishing Co. Ltd., Toronto, and will fill a very important place in many a business and professional man's library. Indeed it is difficult to understand how anyone who wants to keep in close touch with events in the progress of the nation can afford not to have such a work available for study and ready reference. Mr. J. Castill Hopkins, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., the author of this annual review for the last 16 years, has never produced a volume which will be more generally useful than that now off the press.

Naturally, under the circumstances, a very large portion of this year's issue deals with war problems, and Canada's part in it comes in for a great deal of attention. Some of the general subjects dealt with, each in a number of special chapters, are: The world war in 1916; The British Empire in the War; The United States and the War; Canada and the War in 1916; Canadians at the Front; Transportation Interests and Affairs; Miscellaneous Incidents and Affairs; while special sections are also devoted to each of the provinces in the Dominion. There are two supplements of special interest and timeliness. One is devoted to financial matters and developments and the other is historical and refers to the work of some of the outstanding figures in Canadian public life. The Review is profusely illustrated and in this feature too, the topic of the war is given prominent place.

CHANGING WINDS

By St. John G. Ervine.

This is a book which deals most exhaustively with the tumultuous pre-war days from the Ulster viewpoint. It is the story of four young men whose look upon life is set up as an interesting picture and all but one of whom accept war almost as a matter of course. There are chapters dealing with the dark sided domestic difficulties in Ireland, the shattering of happy memories and homes and the book carries one of the best accounts of the Irish Rebellion that has appeared. The novel is the longest and the most ambitious that the author of Mrs. Martin's Man has attempted. The tale begins in Ulster but carries the reader to Devonshire, to Dublin, to London, and back again to Ireland. It is full of the homely and winsome dialect of its characters and in places the dialogue is smartly done. For one acquainted in the Ulster viewpoint the book will be found a source of vital interest.

street. It was quitting time. The throng plodded homeward without the slightest flicker of life or interest in their pasty, listless countenances.

In the misty twilight they were like grotesque, noisy corpses. The girl's heart sank with a sudden fierce longing for the familiar hills of her home town. "I-I hate most things truly New York," she said suddenly.

"So does New York," assented the man. "We hate our slums and crowds and underfed throngs. We hate our conventions, our rules of life, the monotony of drab-colored existence."

"The Village is different?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," said the man. She thought he was smiling. "Different. But would you say better?"

"I like its contrasts," she declared warmly.

"I did, too. But one tires of contrasts." He relapsed into moody silence and the girl was glad. They plodded along over the grimy pavement, turning eastward again into Eleventh street. For a block it presented a monotonous array of red brick structures with white shutters. The stampede for Greenwich Village quarters had boosted rents.

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JOSEPHINE WEBBER paid \$25 for her garret studio. She herself filled in the cracks of the discolored plaster with putty and kalsomined it to suit her fancy. Davie paid her the tribute of an astonished whistle.

The walls were done in a dull blue-gray and the furniture was painted blue and yellow. Before her easel was a great fiber rug, the coils alternate chrome and asphodel. The floor beneath was a dull bluish-gray, the same tint as the walls. A Navajo blanket draped off the little alcove where she slept.

Davie scrutinized the room very deliberately.

"Splendid," he said. "No half-baked reds and greens and purples. No rainbow mats nor multi-colored curtains. Not even the funereal atmosphere of velvet drapes. All your own idea?"

The girl flushed happily and nodded. She had tossed her tam-o'-shanter into the corner and her squarely bobbed blue-black hair framed her little oval face like the headpiece of a sphinx. She appeared very young. Davie, guessing her age, compromised between the 16 years she looked and the extreme probability of her being four or five years older.

"Nineteen," he mused. "With the curves of womanhood and the heart of a child! She'll sure catch hell here!"

In the mellow radiance of the light, hooded with yellow and blue silk, he stared about. The easel engaged his attention. Upon it was a gaudy daub that no doubt purported to be a girl's head of the "magazine cover" variety. He shook his head regretfully as the girl disappeared behind the Navajo blanket.

"Interiors, perhaps," he muttered.

"But straight stuff—good God!" His glance fell upon a tiny yellow and blue table. Upon it reposed a popular edition of Howard Eadkins' "Vanishing Echoes." He read the dedication with a smile and tossed it back. The girl's head projected through the curtain.

"It's a western writer," she explained. "I came across it in the Village Bookshop. I think he's wonderful."

"I've read lots of his stuff," said Davie. "Get hold of his 'Devil's Dawn' if you can. It's a better yarn."

"I will," she declared. She came out patting her dress into proper drape. It was a pale blue silk affair overhung with crepe de chine of a dull gold tint. About the gold girdle was painted an endless row of tiny yellow and blue audier. The sketch had been done in oil. The futuristic touch, and Davie gasped. The idea was novel and stunningly effective. His admiration was too obvious for simulation.

"Your idea is a wonder," he declared. "And you—you're certainly beautiful."

She flushed rose red with delight.

"I thought it up years and years ago," she declared. "I tried it at 12—on a white dress with water colors! What happened when mother found out wasn't encouraging. But I've never lost the idea."

Davie walked over to the easel.

"That," he declared quietly, indicating the room with a sweep of his hand, "is real genius. This"—he pointed toward the painting—"is nothing more than the mediocre product of misdirected ability. You're not a portrait artist. If you were, you'd be one with a class that is druging the market. But your ideas of interior decoration, of dress, of atmosphere—well, give me a month's time and I shall make you famous!"

The pleased light had gone dead in the girl's eyes.

"I won't have it!" she stormed. "I want to paint magazine cover beauties—I want to create a new style of pretty girl—I want my things in the big magazines. The studio decorations and my

dress are—just a frame. Can't you see? Just a frame for my true fame!"

Davie smiled.

"Let's sit down," he suggested. "Tell me about it."

They sat for a long time in silence. Then very abruptly the girl spoke.

"At home," she said, "back in Duluth—I used to like to creep out on the porch in—just my pajamas—after everybody had gone to bed. I loved to stare down at the lights in the harbor—and think. It was a queer satisfaction to know that I was doing that which, in the light of day, would have been the scandal of the neighborhood."

"I want to do the same thing with life. I want to take off the tiresome clothes of formality—the stale old garb of the thing-that-has-always-been-done! I want to steal out in the pajamas of 'just-as-one-likes' in the moonlight of newness and strangeness. I want to be one of the throng here!"

"Putting a male parasite on the cheek, I suppose," added Davie, "and telling a jeering throng that he's an admirable tame cat because he's docile!"

Color flamed up again in her face. She turned and stared into his eyes, darker now and more mysterious in the mellow, silk-screened light.

"Well," she said defiantly, "and if I did? If I wanted to? Isn't that justification enough? Would I have to look for the sanction of the 'gabbling geese' we met a few hours ago?"

"No," he declared. "But the pajama garb to which you made allusion would have seemed awfully queer the next morning, wouldn't it, with the moonlight vanished and the lights in the harbor gone out? And the day always came after those strange nocturnal perch visits, didn't it?"

"You ought to be the last one to point the finger of scorn," she flared. "Your own mode of life is scarcely ordered by Hygie!"

He was at the door on the way out. Her hostile, jet-lashed eyes swept the aged jacket and uncreased trousers, the gaudy shoes and glistening safety pins. Then they returned to the long eyes and the great domed skull, with its thatch of long dark hair. The sarcasm didn't move him. He smiled benignly and shuffled out.

"Good night," he called out. "I'll call tomorrow p. m."

From the head of the stairs she marked his descent.

"Good night," she cried. "Thanks for the introduction to Sally's Place."

had anything to drink about the place. She acknowledged that she didn't with desperate regret over the faux pas. No doubt "something to drink" was a requisite for regular studios. They left, Hargreaves grumbling.

Others dropped in in the course of the week. Even the languid Dale Minton came. There was a universal thrill over the strange gown. Dale Minton placed an order. Inga Nelson wanted a sunflower fringe for her purple dress. "Hand painted" gowns became the rage. Some of them paid. Others promised to pay. Josephine Webber's bank balance rose from \$197.35 to \$305.60.

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BUT it wasn't the triumph she craved. Every afternoon saw her boarding the Fifth Avenue busses at their Washington Square parking place with a canvas under her arm, intent upon the uptown editorial offices of the finer publications. Editors are brusque and candid. She learned that her free lines were "eccentric," that her types would be difficult to "popularize," and that her color combinations were rather "too naive."

The criticisms might have meant anything or nothing. She accepted them as approximating the latter. And she went on painting. Sally's Place acclaimed her. The Village copied her quaint studio. She took her place in the long roster of undiscovered geniuses. Her name was linked with Davie's, with Hargreaves', with any other Greenwich Village habitude who called upon her.

There wasn't the thrill to the close-up of the thing that she had imagined. Her own studio teas nauseated her after a time. After a few drinks the jokes became rather broad and the veiled allusions to things decidedly risqué. It was splendidly at a variance with Minnesota concepts of good form. But it lacked the madly exultant thrill that she had promised herself when hoping to break the cramping bonds of propriety.

Hargreaves came in late one night. Clare, he said, had "ditched" him. He never loved Clare. Those damn Latin types were too fiery. He stared at Josephine wistfully, beautiful in the moonlight, and then clutched her in his arms. The suddenness of the thing startled her and the man's arms crushed her painfully. His breath was heavy with the peculiarly aromatic-odor of absinthe.

She struggled silently, her desperate fingers raising livid scratches upon his flushed face. He threw her against the easel and the thing collapsed with a loud

would have messed up the studio a heap. And then, too, it was your fault."

She thrust him from her indignantly. "My fault!" she cried. "Why, I've—I've never looked at him!"

"One doesn't have to look at a rat-ter," he declared gravely, "yet the proximity will encourage the snake to strike. You have talked about emancipation from the old conventions, about obeying the dictates of impulse, about doing the deed of the moment. You have put yourself in nomination for the peculiar position of the heedless girl who come here in insane quest of 'careers.' You are mad over the tawdry, gaudy thrills of the Village. You are a literal 'bohemianiac.'"

"And in the Square are scores of male beings who prey upon your type. Soldiers of fortune, conscienceless East Side crooks, confidence artists of all creeds, colors and depths of infamy are here, waiting for the West to send them red checked, blue eyed lasses who bob their hair in the first fulsome hysteria of emancipation and haunt the Square in quest of romance. You are poised on the pinnacle of shame. You are an obvious and conspicuous prey to the nocturnal prowlers."

"There is nothing here that is not as artificial as the atmosphere you have created for yourself. You are not an artist. The people you meet are not artists nor poets nor novelists of note. All these have receded before the influx of arrant poseurs. The real celebrities of the Village have vanished before the invasion of the tricksters just as the Indian has vanished before the onslaughts of another race."

"In this tiny clique are self-constituted critics who lavish valueless praise; artistic charlatans who pretend to take other poseurs seriously for the reciprocal compliment of being taken seriously in return. They manufacture their own moral code. You know what it is. I have bothered only because I thought of that bank clerk, back there in Duluth, who is worthy, perhaps, of the salvage."

"You have a talent—for interior decoration and dress design. I know that you scorn both as incidental to the great desire. But it won't materialize. 'Careers' are not achieved by hoping and posing. They have their roots in talent and their flowers in hard work. Your dress idea has been stolen. Your popularity will wane. Then the inevitable will happen—unless—"

He paused, and the girl, shrinking into the shadows, asked tremulously:

"Unless what?"

"Unless," he said, "that bank clerk in Duluth has more grit than I'll credit him with beforehand."

The door closed and he was gone. The girl collapsed across the yellow and blue mat and sobbed weakly, her hands, clenching and unclenching, describing queer little designs in the dust of the studio floor. It was the end of a dream, and the dreams of youth die hard.

She was still sobbing when other strong arms gathered her up. A young man whose suit narrowly missed being of the latest cut, and whose hat was pushed back to reveal crinkly brown hair, was whispering things in her ear in a queer, choked voice. Davie had not entirely misjudged the bank clerk from Duluth.

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THEY went West for their honeymoon. In Yellowstone Park the long envelope and the little package found them. With feminine curiosity the pink checked bride opened the latter first. It contained a pair of pale blue silk pajamas, decorated grotesquely with familiar futuristic figures in yellow. Spattered over all were strange dark brown splotches.

She opened the letter with trembling fingers. It explained the blood-stained, wearing apparel. It said:

I am dedicating my latest novel to a nameless girl with jet-fringed eyes. I am calling it "The Lure of Illusion." My color came through contact. I wish you could see me in regular clothes, with a clean collar and my beloved hat. I have donned it again after eight months of intimate contact with the Village of Vacuity. I enclose Dale Minton's last wearing apparel. Something went wrong with the scheme of things and her fifth story quarters offered an easy solution. It may be a queer thing to send a bride, but I think it points a final moral to the mooted question of "Moonlight Pajama" sentiment. It doesn't look well by day. Hope you and the handsome gentleman will like "The Lure of Illusion" as well as you profess to approve of "The Devil's Dawn." It came harder and should be better. With best wishes, I am

HOWARD EADKINS.

P. S.—My wife likes your freak dress idea. And while I am appending this, Hargreaves is dead, too. It seems as though a United States marshal called at his quarters while he was away. Somebody tipped him off and the rest is at least guessable.

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The Last Adventure

By James Terry White

ALL forms of life are endless; each frail vase
Is emptied o'er and o'er—but filled again;
And never tangled is the wondrous maze
Of nature's melodies through endless days—
And yet forever new and sweet to men.

Gleams hint that life upon some future waits;
The worm cannot forecast the butterfly—
And yet the transformation but creates
A step in the same nature, which now mates
Our own—and may life's mystery untie.

Mayhap the butterfly this message brings:
"The law, uncomprehended, I obey;
Although the lowliest of earth-bred things,
Even I have been reborn with urgent wings,
And heavenward fly—who crept but yesterday."

In life's fair mansion I am but a guest;
And life will bring fulfillment of the gleam.
I trust this last adventure is the best,
The crowning of this earthly life's behest,
The consummation of the poet's dream.

The adventure kept her awake and tossing about on the little cot. The Village had opened its portals and ushered her into the true bohemian life. Of that she was certain. After all it wasn't a sham. The dirty children and fat, amorphous mothers weren't part of the real Valhalla of emancipated ambitions. The gnawing regret over the loss of her long locks vanished. She was on the threshold of things after all!

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SHE painted feverishly the next morning, spurred by a peculiar thrill of anticipated triumph. Davie came up in the afternoon with Keith Hargreaves. They both thought the morning's work had made it worse. Hargreaves, following Davie's cue, declared the thing was "damnable." He wanted to know if she

clattered. The door opened. Some one grasped Hargreaves from behind. He cursed aloud, mousing words that sent a shudder through the girl's bruised form.

She recognized Davie. She heard the thud of Davie's fists upon Keith Hargreaves' distorted face. Then the latter crumpled up and Davie dragged him out and hurled him downstairs. In the dim radiance of the veiled lights she stared at him. Her lip was bleeding and the blood trickled unnoticed over her trembling chin.

He groped in his pockets for a handkerchief. Then he took her in his arms impersonally and wiped the blood away. She fell to sobbing weakly and the firmness of his arm was a consoling thing. He smiled whimsically.

"Hargreaves won't be back," he said. "I should like to have him, only it

He sat in silence, broken only by an intermittent, gibbering laugh. And ever on and on, hurried through the night toward doom, the train catapulted.

Suddenly, with the piping squeal of the whistle, once more the statesman awoke to consciousness. Three miles or four, he knew, were all that now separated him from Peckingham and Hildegarde. As in a vision he foreglimpsed the festive party on the platform—the bride, the stern pater, the crowd of lookers-on, the reporters—

Up, livid, sprang the M. P. Curfew never was interdicted from ringing with one-tenth the desperation wherewith Cecil swore he would not be seen that night in his mesh knee drawers.

"Here goes, anyhow, damn it!" hissed he. One savage jerk rent asunder the lacy garment. Bodice and skirt rippingly parted company. A moment later the skirt draped his legs. Cripplingly it dangled almost to his boot tops. With his pearl cravat pin he fastened it. Over it his frock coat hung in absolutely correct form.

With a remark eloquent rather than elegant the honorable Cecil reached aloft and seized the emergency handle—that dread object whereof the pulling is duly stated to involve such bitter legal pursuits. A long and wrenching drag he gave.

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THEN, as the engine shrieked and the squealing brakes clamped hard, Cecil flung open the compartment door. Down onto the running-board he swung, and waited.

Backward through the gloom flashed a farmhouse light. More slowly a hedge flickered by. Then, as windows all along the train slammed open and many anxious heads poked out, a wetly gleaming ditch full of mud slipped past.

For the end of this the honorable Cecil waited. He thought he saw it. The train still running fifteen miles an hour, on the footboard he crouched. Then he leaped. Black-garbed above, white below, he sprang far out and away.

No adept he in the art of quitting a fast-moving train. Came a stunning splash. The world flew up and hit him in the face. A choking, numb sensation followed; then a great darkness, a gasping, a vague, nightmare struggle. But his subconscious will drove him. And, in a daze, he dragged himself up through a sheltering thicket of bushes, rolled limply down a steep bank, fetched up against a strawstack, which he circled, and there lay still.

Lay hidden till the excited voices on the right of way, the swinging, mist-haloed lanterns, the scuffling feet all eventually disappeared; till the outraged train, balked of vengeance, trundled off into the black like a fiery-scaled Megalosaurus.

Then, planless and disheveled, the honorable arose and ran. Outcast, hatless, untrousered, and afraid, he flitted with a hampering swish of lace petticoat over the dark and foggy moorland. Vague before him lay all the future. A wraith, he fled from every one, from everything.

Fate, however—a kind fate—overtook him unawares on the long road from Peckingham to Bramwell. Fate, in the guise of a telegraph boy on a wheel. Not that the honorable Cecil, exhausted and confused now beyond all possibility of further flight, had any idea where he was or what was written on the cosmic scrolls concerning him. All he knew was that a light suddenly emerged from the environment; and then, presently, there stood a boy, gawking and wide-eyed and scared, yet persistently inquiring:

"Oo are you, sir? What's yer name, sir, please, please?"

The honorable Cecil pulled himself together with an effort, convinced himself this was no will-o'-the-wisp but a real human creature, and made reply. Whereat the boy began to caper and to shout:

"I got that twenty pound! I get—here, sir, read that!"

He thrust a telegram into the M. P.'s trembling hands. Still uncomprehending, the statesman made shift by the glimmer of the bicycle lantern to decipher the message, singularly enough addressed to Hildegarde's paternal parents:

Nov. 13, 1912.

Have you any information re whereabouts Cecil Pendexter? Clothing identified his found here on railway mail collector. Accident or foul play feared. Wire me immediately. Twenty pounds reward offered.

HILDEGARDE, Mayor,
Stoke-Poddington.

At this precise moment was it that the master mind of the statesman, badly mauled by circumstances yet still in the ring, got up again onto its figurative feet. Forgotten now his terror, his confusion.

"Boy!" cried he, gripping the youth by the tawny shoulder till he winced.

"Boy, you keep mum; don't say a word about all this to anybody—not one word, you understand?—and there's fifty in it for you instead of twenty!"

"Now answer me! Why were you taking this message out to Long Oak Lane to the judge? Wasn't there a party waiting for me at the station? No? But—what's this? This is dated tomorrow, the 13th! What? Nonsense! Eh? What? Oh—I say—"

The revelation was too strong. Convinced of his own error, the M. P. staggered back. Then instantly he rallied.

"See here!" directed he. "You ride back to town as fast as ever you can—ride for life!" As he spoke he was scribbling a message with his fountain pen on the back of an envelope (it was from her, that envelope, but it had to go)—a message to the mayor of Stoke-Poddington. Loyal Conservative that the mayor was, Cecil knew he would be faithful through thick and thin.

Stupid practical joke played by Liberals to discredit me. Am safe here. Immediately forward garments and contents intact via parcel post and I will investigate. Meanwhile refuse all information to reporters and public.

PENDEXTER.

"Now, boy," he added, "just the minute you've sent that, run and hire a cab—buy one, if you have to, horse and all! Here, take this check, payable to bearer—that'll cover expenses. You've got to

drive the cab yourself. Don't you dare let anybody else come! Eh? Your father's in the livery business? Oh, ripping! By Jove! what a coincidence, don't you know! Get that cab! Get it quick!"

"And bring me your father's best suit—any price will do! I'll wait for you down here back of this hedge. Hurry! It's cold! Do as I tell you, and you're made. Disobey in any particular, or let this leak out, and I'll—I'll have you—adjudicated, not prosed and ex post factoed! Now go!"

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AN ACCOUNT of how the Hon. Cecil Pendexter, K. C., dressed himself in a job master's Sunday best while riding in a boy-driven hansom, en route for Peckingham (where he ducked into a Turkish bath with murmured allusions to a fight with a navy in defense of a damsel), lies beyond the purview of this tale. So, too, his recovery of the missing trousers, contents, and all, intact, next day. How he discovered the lady who owned the beautiful white gown, how he tried secretly to reimburse her with a better and got caught by Hildegarde—this would make a story in itself, a story I perhaps shall later tell. For the present, let it pass. Hildegarde had to, after a stormy scene and tears; for really, you know, Cecil couldn't explain.

No matter; the really vital fact is that the press got hold early of enough to con-

vince the ever intelligent public of a Liberal plot. As a result, the honorable Cecil victoriously swept his hitherto doubtful borough.

Eh?

Oh, yes, of course his Hildegarde and he were duly wed. Folks wondered, though, a little at his abstracted air.

The truth is, the honorable Cecil already was formulating a stringent bill for the abolition of railway mail posts as grave menaces to life, liberty, trousers, and the pursuit of happiness.

In Plain Sight

Willie Stone had been sent on an errand to the home of the rich Mr. Lott. He returned with the astonishing news that Mr. Lott was going mad.

"What makes you think that?" his father asked.

"The way he talked," said Willie. "When I went into the room where he wanted to see me he said, 'Boy, where is your hat?' and there it was on my head all the time!"

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Sometimes in great crises men perform incredible feats.

A BRIDEGROOM'S GOWN

By George Allan England

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



THE horse of John Gribbins, cabman, had not been afflicted with the blind staggers this story could never have been written. So you must blame the horse for it, not me—nor yet the

Hon. Cecil Pendexter, K. C., M. P.

Because, as I will now expound unto you, the horse threw a fit, half a mile from the little station of Stoke-Poddington, while engaged in hauling the honorable Cecil. The honorable, you understand, was on his way toward the most important rendezvous of his life. He carried a hooked cane; he wore a silk "topper," a gold-rimmed monocle, a perfectly correct frock coat with a chrysanthemum, patent-leathers, cream-hued spats and one of the finest pairs of striped trousers ever built by Harkness, Clapham Park, Radice Common, London, S. W.

So, as you will readily admit, it embarrassed him to be left standing in the dusty road with the railway station still half a mile distant and only five and a quarter minutes to train time. The more so, as Gribbins pensively remarked:

"It's got 'em awful bad this time, sir, blame 'is danged eyes. If 'e's up agin in an hour I'm lucky. So, beggin' yer parding, sir, I advise you to 'op it on foot—that is, if you're anyways anxious fer to catch that 7:45."

Gribbins scratched his head the while he stirred his horse's ribs with a blunt toe. The honorable Cecil, glancing with startled eyes at his watch by the uncertain cab lamp, made instant calculation. From Oxford days he still remembered a bit of running style. So an instant later he had flung Gribbins his two bob, with a sixpence tip, and, as an American might say, was beating it hotfoot toward Stoke-Poddington, whereof the lights glimmered tantalizingly through the haze of that November night.

"She may be a trifle late, sir. I 'ope as how she is, sir, for your sake," were the last words he heard from the dejected Gribbins person.

The train, however, was not late. Before the honorable Cecil had covered half the distance (albeit now blowing hard, because his chest measurement was inferior to that of his tummy) his alarmed ears detected the far, shrill screech of the locomotive. The honorable made an unparliamentary remark and hastened still more.

HIS first wind was wholly gone, and he had no second; yet love will find a way. Love? Yes. At this point I must confide to you, that he was en route for the altar, said altar being at Peckingham-under-Tyneworthy, three stations up the line from Stoke-Poddington. That very night he believed his last of bachelorhood.

Some inconsiderate yokel, road mending the day before, had left a hole upon the king's highway. In this the honorable tripped. Sprawling on hands and knees he fell. To recover walking stick and rolling topper was a matter of some fifteen seconds. As for his dignity, the statesman stopped not to recover that. Upspringing, stick and hat in hand, monocle flying free by its silken cord, again he swept into his stride. And, powdered o'er with the good Hants dust, down the final stretch he raced at a clip that would have paled with envy the bronze cheek of Longboat.

The astounded station master, returning to his telegraph, witnessed the unusual spectacle of a meteoric "top" making a sprint down the platform, terminated by a wondrous leap, a clutching, a successful foothold on the running-board of the very last carriage—a third-class one.

Unobserved by the guard, who at that precise moment was ogling a lady's maid

Most people would become discouraged to have all this happen on one's wedding eve, but not the honorable Cecil

in the fifth coach ahead, the toff with astounding dexterity maintained his hold and valiantly attacked the door handle. Then, as the train rattled away over the switch points, the door swung wide and the toff vanished inside the compartment.

"Well, gor blimey!" spake the station master. He stared a moment at the glowering carbuncle eyes of the lanterns at the tail of the train. Then these winked out through a tunnel and peace redescended on Stoke-Poddington.

II.

NOT, however, on the soul of the Hon. Cecil Pendexter, K. C. Too vast had been his agitation for any immediate readjustment. Snatched thus from the jaws of horror, he sank limply on the hard wooden bench of the compartment—odoriferous and greasy third-classer!—let his cane fall, and began mopping his aristocratic brow with a linen handkerchief of the finest.

"My word!" panted he. "Close call, eh? I—jolly well—just made it—what? If I hadn't—"

But the contingency was truly too appalling for contemplation. You will readily comprehend that nonappearance at one's wedding, with bride and bridal party waiting to greet one at the station, might be productive of certain complications. And Cecil had thus calculated matters.

Yet the honorable was, after all, a man whose social correctness was equaled only by his chronic absent-mindedness and his almost unshakable aplomb. Thus, with heartfelt gratitude he began to take cognizance of the situation.

Thank heaven, he was, at any rate, alone! Infinitely welcome was the dim light and solitary singleness of the compartment. Better a million times to attain such than to miss the white-upholstered, arm-strap-provided, stuffy-cushioned luxury of the brilliant first-class ahead. "Deuced awkward if I hadn't caught it, eh?" reflected he. "What would Hildegard have said—or her gov'nor? But, dash it, all's well that ends well. Let's investigate the damage."

Carefully he again fixed his monocle in his eye. Then with serious attention—albeit still perspiring and short of breath—he considered his raiment by the light of the feeble flicker overhead.

First of all he brushed up his silk tile with his sleeve.

"Now that's quite right again," he commented, talking gently to himself as the train with fast-gathering speed lurched clatteringly through the night. "My coat—ah—yes, it will pass with just a bit of attention. But the trousers—h-m-m-m!"

Vigorously he tried to slap out the dust with his suede-gloved hands (pearly gray), but it defied him. Too thickly was it ground in. He paused a moment, then nodded with satisfaction. In his mind an idea had come to birth.

"Yes," murmured he. "They surely need a thorough shaking. Out of window, eh? Jolly notion! Why not?"

With care he weighed the proposition. There would be no stop, he knew, this side of Blackburn Heathers, eleven miles away. At Upper Kently-Barstow the train made no reduction of speed. "Eleven miles," he calculated, "will give me tremendous lots of time. Well, here goes!"

One minute and six seconds later he had divested himself of those exquisite striped trowies. Since the carriage was one of the old-fashioned sort, with no corridor, he felt secure from any intrusion, either by fellow passengers or by the guard.

Standing now by the open window, his nether garments tightly gripped, he flailed them vigorously out into the night. With energy he beat them against the

side of the carriage. One final shake he gave and was about to draw them back again when lights flashed past, and—
Slap!

The honorable Cecil, his hands numbed with the sudden jerk, stood grasping empty air.

Utterly vanished, now, the trousers. Where? Who could say!

With a wordless gulp of horror the honorable Cecil leaned out of the window. Far and away behind, momentarily shrinking, fading in the chill mist, blurred the little cluster of the Kently-Barstow station lamps. The honorable glimpsed vague outlines of a post with a projecting transverse bar. On this, it seemed to him, he snatched a second's view of something like a pair of trousers dangling.

Then, with a clanking lurch, the leaping train roared through a cut. Around a curve it hurtled. The vision was blotted from the fear-widened eyes of the statesman.

Stunned by this ghastly loss, Cecil staggered back, trouserless, into the compartment. Impeccable his topper, monocle, frock coat and chrysanthemum, his patent leathers and his creamy spats. But that fatal gap in his attire worked havoc with the harmony of the whole. Aghast in palsying terror, he stood there, stricken dumb.

Then a cry escaped his pallid lips. Upon him rushed the foreknowledge of catastrophe impending. With both hands he clutched his head. The immaculately combed and parted hair ruffled under the grasp of agonized fingers.

Desolate in his brookless woe, he sank onto the wooden bench—which now was harder than before—and blinked with stupefaction. But a shrilling skirl from the engine stung him into renewed activity. The brakes began to jar, to grit. And the honorable Cecil realized, with a fresh surge of terror, that the train was already slowing into Blackburn Heathers.

III.

MERCIFUL heavens! What shall I do?" groaned the eminent parliamentarian.

Panic-stricken, he tried to whip his thoughts into line. Under no circumstances must he be found thus. Politically as well as socially, it would be fatal. To be branded as a veritable saniclette would wreck his whole career. The memory of certain papers in a pocketbook in those trousers shivered him with woe. Should they be found and read and printed—ye gods!

The capital the Liberals might make of the incident would be annihilating. State secrets, his favorite gangle, unpaid bills, and all, including several intimate letters from Hildegard, were now potentially in the enemy's hands. Into his tortured mind's eye flashed the screaming, ghoul-like headlines that might leap into the Manchester Planet, the Leeds Champion and many another sheet:

"The Pasteloonless Pendexter! Honorable Cecil Gravely Compromised! Specious Explanations, Trouserless Bridgroom! No Wedding Bells for Him! Scandal in High Life!"

"Good Lord!" groaned the statesman, sweating blood, "they'll do for me! I mustn't be seen in this fashion; I won't!"

Stung into quick action, the honorable Cecil hastily locked both doors and pulled down all the curtains. Only when every place was battened securely shut did he pluck up any heart. For the first time in his thirty-seven years of law-abiding life he understood the killing impulse. Woe now to him who should attempt invasion of that compartment!

The train gritted to a jerky stop. Through the thin blue curtains flickered the Blackburn lamps. The honorable Cecil heard the clamant voice of the guard announcing the dread fact that the next stop would be Peckingham. At sound of that word the statesman trembled anew.

An idea struck him. He might possibly be able to summon a cabman, get a horse blanket, and—in the gloom—scurry into a cab. Then he could wire Hildegard: "IH. Delayed. Arrive next train," and seek some inn, where hasty haberdashers would purvey him pantaloons.

With this thought triumphantly rising

on his mental horizon he jerked the curtain up again. But just at that moment a hand gripped the door latch.

Looking down, the honorable beheld a determined-looking country woman, basket on arm, shawl pinned across opulent bosom.

"I say—ah, but, you know," exclaimed Cecil, "you can't come in here, my good woman. I've—I've got a sick friend with me—very seriously ill, you know. Positively mustn't be disturbed on any account!"

"Garn, you an' yer sick friend!" retorted she of the basket. "I knows that un! It don't go with me. Tyke yer 'and off that bloomie' door or I'll call—"

"S-h-h! There, there—don't! Please!" entreated the terrified lawmaker. The shine of a sovereign, which had escaped loss by having lain in his waistcoat pocket, argued more eloquently than words. With pursed lips and a shrewdly cynical glance the woman muttered something about "No place for a lidy, nohow," and padded off down the platform. The honorable Cecil could have wept for joy when another door engulfed her and her basket.

But now past was all chance of making the horse-blanket-and-haberdasher combination. Already the train was starting. Clearly impending tragedy faced the eminent M. P. "Peckingham next! Good Lord!" groaned he as he removed his topper and wiped his burning forehead. Chilly below—for the night was dour—he was consumed, above, with fever.

Suddenly he had an idea. Up he climbed onto the bench; cautiously he peered over the partition into the next compartment. Some other traveler, mayhap, might possess an extra pair of trousers that might be dickered for, on credit. All might not yet be lost.

Betimes fate plays us scurvy tricks; betimes she seems to smile. A gasp of triumph escaped the statesman's pallid lips. For on the seat of that other compartment his ravished eyes beheld the recumbent form of a tailor's boy, asleep. At the feet of this sartorial Mercury stood a large pasteboard box, whereon the statesman could discern the name "Scroggs, Merchant Tailor, by Appointment, Twicking-Mumbly-on-Penka."

One second's time far more than sufficed to convert the honorable M. P., lawmaker, into a brother to the low-browed Fagin. Entering a plea of justifiable larceny in his mental asizes, Cecil laid hold on his long, hooked walking-stick, immediately thereafter his arm, hand, and cane all constituted an unholy triumvirate instrument of theft.

Silently, daffily as Gilbert's "enterprising burglar," he essayed to snare the cord on the box with his cane handle. Twice he failed, thrice he failed; the string seemed just beyond his farthest reach. The train, too, joggled him about most distressingly. And the boy, groaning a trifle in his slumber, stirred as though with uneasy forebodings.

The honorable Cecil glared. Breathless and pallid, he waited. If the lad should wake, what then? A film of anguish dimmed the statesman's eyes. But the boy awakened not. Instead, he slept the sounder. Cecil hoisted himself a-tiptoe and made one final, apologetic effort.

Victory! The hook caught! Quickly the box arose in air. And now the honorable drew it toward him; now his trembling hand laid hold of it. Ah, woe! For the box was twice as big as the opening over the partition. On Cecil's heart rained the slings and arrows of adversity.

Sometimes in great crises men perform incredible feats. Witness Jean Valjean climbing up the inner angle of a wall, holding merely to the bare bricks. So now with an unthought-of dexterity the honorable Cecil, sagging in his chilly disarray, hands thrust through the aperture, did wondrous legerdemain. He removed the string, took off the box cover, withdrew a paper-wrapped mass, and hurled it behind him into his own compartment; then again tied up the box as before and breathlessly deposited it on the seat in its exact original position.

After which, shaking with an ague of nerves and sheer relief, he flung himself upon the stolen garments. With a single rip he shucked off the paper. Under the dim and ghostly light he shook the garments out; he held them up. Then a low moan, dull as lead, trembled from his soul's depths.

For in his gloved hand he held—what? This: a beautiful lace gown, freshly naphtha cleaned, flimsy and white and brodered o'er with silken arabesques.

IV.

THEREAFTER ensued a blank space on the mental tablets of the honorable Cecil. Crouching on the cold bench, his teeth a-chatter, head between hands



In the World of Woman

The Admired Woman

By Jane Lowell

There is nothing more truly lovable than the woman who is genuinely womanly. There is a charm in her femininity that no acquired grace can lend. More especially in this age is the genuinely womanly woman admired. Girls nowadays seem to have a great desire to be so manly, so loud, not only in mannerisms but in talk and dress, many choosing the harsher sports of men in preference to the more charming pastimes of women.

The majority of men, I think, really prefer the quiet, ladylike girl, with a soft, sweet voice, an affectionate disposition and the girl who prefers to be a lady in all ways. Loud talk and slang words are not for the ladylike girl, and, although people tolerate loose manners in many, they do not really admire them.

Far more to be appreciated is the girl who openly avows that she likes nice clothes and is given over to the many little feminine varieties, than the one who dresses so mannishly and who imitates the walk of the toughest of her men friends.

To be a lady-like woman does not mean that one need adopt even feminine fads and follies indiscriminately. The woman who can make her home bright and attractive, who can be the model hostess as well as wife, who is well informed and able to talk intelligently, yet who is wise enough to realize that women's privileges are preferable to all of man's rights, is the girl of woman we must all admire, and the one fit to be taken to an honest man's heart.

Household Helps

If brass curtain rods are rubbed with hard soap before being put up the curtains will slip on them easily.

To pick up bits of broken glass wet a woolen cloth, lay it on the floor where the fragments are and pat the cloth to the carpet. The fine glass will stick to the cloth.

To whiten ivory rub it well with unsalted butter and place it in the sunshine. If it is discolored it may be whitened by rubbing it with a paste composed of burned pumice stone and water and putting it in the sun under glass.

To remove stains from a tiled hearth, squeeze a little lemon juice over the stain, leave for twenty minutes, then with a cloth dampened with a little warm water wipe off the lemon juice. This will generally remove the stain; if not, repeat the process. Polish afterward with a soft cloth.

SILK HOSIERY POINTS.

"Why," the house organ of the F. B. Silverwood stores in California, prints the following instructive points for the hosiery salesmen:

"In order to get satisfactory service from silk hosiery several things should be done—several should not be done.

"Silk hosiery should be worn one day only, as perspiration has a very injurious effect on silk—acting as a sort of dissolvent if left in the silk for any length of time. Silk hosiery should be washed as soon as possible after wearing.

"Use care in handling silk hosiery. Do not let it come in contact with rough surfaces that are apt to pick up or break up the delicate threads. Putting the hand inside of silk hosiery, for examination, the points of a ring set will often break the thread.

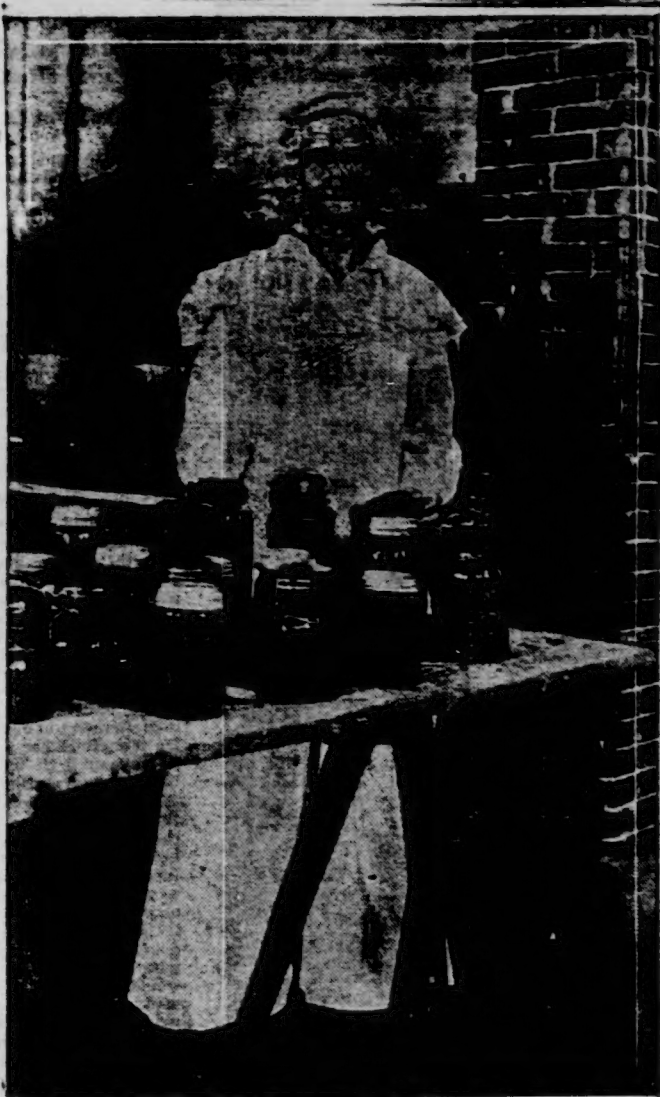
"More silk hosiery is ruined by worn-out shoe linings and long toenails than by wear. Silk hosiery should be worn one-half size larger than hosiery or cotton hosiery. In putting on, turn inside out, put toes in, then turn back over foot carefully. Avoid straining.

"The tops of low shoes, at the heel, are very hard on silk hosiery. Rub the parts that get the most wear with paraffin—this will add wearing quality and keep the silk from fluffing. Do not expect lightweight silk hosiery to wear as long as a cotton or hosiery hose."

EXPENSIVE.

The Happy Bride—Why, mamma, what are you crying for? Everything is so lovely, and everybody's been so good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!

The Wise Mamma—"It's the presents I'm thinking of. Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things—and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charlie will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! Oh, Angelina, why didn't you elope?"



Mrs. Mary Milligan of Washington, D. C., who on her 76th birthday, canned 31 quarts of string beans for food conservation. She is the widow of a veteran of the war between the states, and remembers food conservation of those days.

Famous Women

Chiomara

Chiomara was the heroic wife of Ortagon, a Gaulish prince and is celebrated for her beauty and chastity. During the war between the Romans and the Gauls, B. C. 186, the latter were entirely beaten at Mount Olympus. Chiomara, among many other ladies, was taken prisoner and committed to the charge of a centurion. The latter, not being able to overcome her chastity by persuasion, employed force, and then, to make amends, offered her her liberty for a certain amount of gold. To conceal his design from the other Romans, he allowed her to send a slave of her own, who had also been taken prisoner, to her relations and assigned a place near the river where she could be exchanged for the gold. She was carried to the spot on the next night by the centurion. Two of her relatives were already waiting for her, with the ransom. While the centurion was weighing the gold Chiomara, speaking in her own tongue, commanded her friends to kill him, which they did. She then, with her own hands, cut off his head, and carried it under her robe to her husband. As soon as she came into his presence she threw the head at his feet. Surprised at such a sight, as he might well be, he demanded to know whose head it was, and what had induced her to commit a deed so uncommon to her sex. Blushing, but at the same time expressing fierce indignation, she explained the outrage that had been done her and the revenge she had taken. During the remainder of her life she retained her purity and was treated with great esteem.

If one has a small family and soup bones collect slowly, bake them in a hot oven for half an hour, scrape every bit of fat or juice that escapes from them into a jar and set the bones away in the refrigerator. Even in the hottest weather, the baked bones will keep a week, and the soup will be all the richer because they are baked.

The Pickling Season

Mustard Pickles.

Cut in small pieces 2 heads of cauliflower, add 1 quart of small green tomatoes, also 4 green peppers, 2 bunches of celery and 2 quarts of small cucumbers, all cut into small pieces, and 1 quart of small onions. Soak over night in brine. In the morning, drain and boil for a few minutes in weak vinegar, then drain again. Into 1 gallon of vinegar stir 1-2 pound of ground mustard, 1 cup of cornstarch, 1-2 cups of sugar, 1 ounce of turmeric, 1-2 teaspoon of black pepper, 1-2 teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Boil this mixture until it thickens and then add the cauliflower, tomatoes, etc.

Mixed Pickles.

This recipe is intended to fill a 3-gallon jar. Slice 1 head of white cabbage very thin, add 4 or 5 large onions sliced, string beans, radish pods, cauliflower broken into small pieces, 400 small cucumbers and 50 large ones, sliced, also 1 quart of small onions. Soak these all together in a brine, for 24 hours. To 1 gallon of vinegar, add 1 spoon of cayenne pepper, 1-2 ounce of black mustard seed; 1 ounce of turmeric, a few pieces of mace, 1 root of horse-radish sliced thin, and boil all together for a few minutes. Drain off the vegetables that have been standing in brine, pour this boiling liquid over them and cover the jar tightly. Let it stand until cold, then stir in well 1-2 bowl of mixed mustard. Set aside for a week, after which the pickles will be ready for use.

Sweet Chopped Pickles.

Chop 1 peck of green tomatoes, 1-2 peck of ripe tomatoes, 1 cup of salt, 1 large head of white cabbage, 2 onions, 3 large ripe peppers from which the seeds have been removed, and hang up to drain in a thin muslin bag. After 48 hours, turn these ingredients into a preserving kettle and add 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 tablespoon each of celery seed, cinnamon, mace, cloves and all-spice. Cover with vinegar and boil gently for 2 hours. Seal in glass jars.

The Woman at Home

If a baby's nails are manikured while it is asleep, it can be much more simply and easily done. If attempted carefully the child will not awaken.

When using celery, save the leaves and dry until crisp. Then crush to a powder and mix with an equal amount of salt. This makes an excellent celery-salt.

In order that spools of thread may be kept untangled and where they can easily be found, get an ordinary ten-cent curtain rod and attach it to the under-edge of the sewing table by means of the little brackets that go with it. It is a great convenience and keeps the various spools always at hand.

It frequently happens that a high grade fountain pen will leak at the point where the part holding the pen screws into the barrel which holds the ink. A tooth-pick dipped in white vaseline, and wiped over the threads before screwing the parts together would obviate the nuisance entirely.

Save all the twenty-five pound flour sacks, wash, rip them open, and sew. These make good dish towels, as they are soft and of convenient size.

The Dining-Room

Perhaps no room needs to be so truly the home's heart as the dining-room. Yet how complacently do most of us, proud housewives though we be, accept and "let stand" the furnishing of our dining and side tables, simply because they happen to be more or less permanent. Just as we study in, novation and adaptable novelties in the remainder of the house, so should we especially seek cheer and concentration of happy colorings for the dining-room; that the blame for heavy hearts may not fall on our heads because of unhappy choice in decoration. By wise and thoughtful expenditure a housekeeper may soon completely refurnish her table, and gradually relegate to the "washlady's cupboard" those particularly odious pieces which are universally with us, like the ubiquitous cratchetts.

For the breakfast table a bowl of Made-in-Canada glass, transparent and in various colorings, may be filled with fruit, either real or artificial. This makes a charming centerpiece, and with watching urns atop the side tables unifies the color scheme most effectively.

Apocryphal of table fittings, what is of more importance than the light which shall cause us to reflect in our own little domestic relations court? For those who prefer a centre light to side brackets, there is a new design in brushed brass—a circle of eight candles with an all-covering shade of silk with deep self-toned fringe. The shade may be ordered in any color to match walls and draperies.

For the fortunate owner of old walnut, or new walnut, for that matter, there are dinner sets of Spode china in soft blue and gray colorings.

Between-meal covers of art linen have stenciled figures in Chinese designs.

Condiment sets in etched glass are very good, as are new ones in real Japanese china, enclosed in a lacquered box.

Luncheon cloths and napkins of damask with colored borders have luncheon sets of color-banded china to harmonize. The combination tempts a jaded appetite.

Save Late Vegetables

A cool, well-ventilated cellar under the dwelling offers good conditions for the storage of late vegetables. In cellars that are too warm on account of containing a furnace for heating the dwelling, a room may be partitioned off either in one corner or at one end of the cellar where the temperature may be controlled by means of outside windows.

Barrels, crates, boxes or bins may be used as containers for the various vegetables, but moveable containers are preferable to built-in bins, as it is possible to remove them for cleaning. It is advisable to construct shelves or a slat floor to keep the crates, boxes, baskets, and other containers off the ground. This is highly desirable to insure a free circulation of air and to prevent the containers from harboring mice, rats and vermin. Shelves for canned goods along one side of the room need not be more than 6 inches wide.

SONGS OF THE AGES

The International Sunday-School Lesson for October 7 is "Psalms of Deliverance." Psalms 85, 126.

By William T. Ellis.

If one should judge the public taste and intelligence by the "popular songs" of the day, he would have warrant for turning pessimist. What people really think of these current jingles is shown by the short duration of their vogue; a few weeks, or months at the most, is the longest that the public will endure them, and then others, equally bad, take their place.

Not so with the old songs. The great poems of our tongues find increasing favor as the years pass. The old songs grow dearer against the ugly background of these new productions. The poems that touch the depths of nature abide.

And it is a striking fact, of more than strictly religious interest, that the most popular songs in all human speech are an inheritance from the ancient Hebrews, the newest of the songs being older than the Christian era. A simple, pastoral people, expressing at once the primitive and the sublimest human emotions, have given the world its loftiest literature.

The Permanent Passions.

A rather ludicrous group of social faddists believe that they can make over human nature by hanging choice pictures on the walls of ignorance, providing fine music for undiscriminating ears, and talking vague idealism to men and women engrossed in the hard realities of life. Little they reck of persisting human nature. They think to evolve an ideal civilization in a generation or two; but they conveniently ignore the long millenniums in which human nature has remained essentially the same.

The power of the appeal of the Psalms resides in their fidelity to the fundamental, abiding passions of life. They are true to universal sentiments. The poets of today try in vain to awaken an answering echo from the popular heart; these old Hebrews are still expressing to a nicety the experience of all sorts and conditions of men. The tremendous truthfulness of the Psalms to life, and to the deepest needs of mankind, is the real reason for their deathless vogue.

The Hosts That Have Been Helped.

Contemplate for a moment the procession of thirsty hearts that have been refreshed at the fountain of Hebrew psalmody. The picture thrills. There are the captive exiles in chains leaving the Land of Canaan; some of the same, and their children, returned to the land of Abraham, marching to the music of the Psalms. There were the songs of ascent to Jerusalem upon the occasion of the yearly feasts. The hunted Christians of the apostolic age voiced their inextinguishable faith by the same old melodies. The Crusaders, the Puritans, and a countless company of kindred high souls, have been heartened by the inspired and inspiring Hebrew songs. Kings and statesmen and men of large affairs have turned for comfort and sustenance to these melodies from royal pens. Armenians, deported to death, have quaffed the comfort of these lines. The aspiring youth, the burdened man and woman, the grief-stricken, the doubting, the fearful and dying, in innumerable hosts, have turned first to this never-failing spring of sustenance.

David's share of the Psalms are greater work than slaying Goliath, or smiting the Philistines or ruling a kingdom. And of the other writers, some of them unknown, we can only rejoice that there have been men who have spoken from the depths and the heights, and that their heart-cries have lived. In the wine-press of intense experiences, their souls have given forth the wine of comfort to an uncounted company. Similarly, Matheson's rejection because of his blindness by the woman he loved has been blessed to millions in his hymn, "O, Love That Will Not Let Me Go." Samuel Rutherford's imprisonment at Aberdeen bore fruit in his "Letters," and from these Mrs. Anne Cousins extracted the phrases which she wove into the exquisite hymn, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking."

When Heart Speaks to Heart.

As we consider the Psalms and this particular one in which the souls of returned exiles found utterance, the query is forced upon us, "Where are the great soul songs for today?" Trivial verses we have a plenty; esoteric, neurasthenic, nebulous musing in rhyme, burden the mail of editors; but where are the songs that vocalize the deep sentiments of the people? The woman suffragists of New York once offered a prize for a "hymn," and all they got was twaddle. Various publications and organizations are offering substantial sums for a new American national anthem, but in vain. There seem to be no ringing English words to express the stirred emotions of men in a mass. The national anthems to both the United States and Canada are confessedly inadequate.

We have not yet reached the great songs of our own time.

The best music is religious; there are many hymns, in addition to the Psalms, that voice the deepest feelings of the soul. Even here, however, there are strange hiatuses. Who can pick out a worthy hymn of invitation to the unconverted. Most of the so-called missionary hymns are filled with bad geography, bad history, and inexcusable provincialism. With a spirit of brotherhood sweeping over the world, there is as yet no worthy brotherhood hymn. Good citizenship has evoked no distinctive and great hymn; nor has the passion for social amelioration. What a field for poets, if they would but forget themselves and catch a vision!

Still we turn to the psalms for the clearest echo of the soul's mood. They speak from heart to heart. We are not sure who wrote them all. Some seventy-three are definitely ascribed to David; Moses wrote at least one, and Solomon wrote some; Asaph and the sons of Korah, are also in the index; but many of the hundred and fifty are anonymous; and we can only say that in each case it was the truest and best expression of a human heart, intensely sensible of Jehovah, that cried out in sincerity — and lo! the cry still lives.

The Shepherd With His Flute.

One evening, under the Eastern slope of Mount Carmel, I saw a shepherd boy leading home his sheep; and as he walked in front of them, he played upon a home-made flute. The melody was simple, sweet, joyous, unusual — a bit of nature's music in the open air. I have forgotten the performances of many great orchestras that I have heard, but I remember that strangely sweet music, apparently improvised, of the shepherd boy of Samaria, who called up visions of the shepherd Psalmist of three thousand years ago.

The passion for music is primitive with the oriental. He naturally breaks forth into it. When he is happy he sings; when he is sad he sings; when he dies, his friends sing dirges over his death. Equally fundamental to the oriental is the thought of God. He cannot conceive of life apart from the supreme Deity. "In'sh Allah!" — "It is the will of God!" — still sprinkles the conversation of every Arab.

Help From On High.

Thus we have the Psalms of deliverance. Westerners might have talked of good luck, or boasted of their own merits; but these exiles from Babylon thought first and only of God. Their instinctive cry, as one of their singers phrases it, was:

"When Jehovah brought back those that returned to Zion,
We were like unto them that dream,
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing;
Then said they among the nations,
Jehovah hath done great things for them.
Jehovah hath done great things for us;
Whereof we are glad."

These Jews clearly traced, as cause and effect, the favor of Jehovah, with the forgiveness of sin, and their deliverance from exile.

"Jehovah, thou hast been favorable unto thy land;
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people;
Thou hast covered all their sin."

This is the essence of the lesson's teaching. It is the heart of hearts of the five books of Psalms; the favor of Jehovah is the one supreme blessing of life.

"Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn."

Get a grip on the fact of God, and life becomes no more a mystery. "Our times are in His hand." There is no higher philosophy than the twenty-third Psalm.

Why National Hymns Are Reverent.

Why is it that really national hymns are such as may be sung in religious services? Because they rise to the plane of patriotism which recognizes God. They have touched the depths of the hearts of nations because they respond to the instinctive feeling that national welfare is a boon from on high; that exalted thoughts of patriotism are associated with thoughts of God. All sublime emotions are reverent.

With a world passing through deep waters and with nations and homes sorely afflicted, there is inevitably a fresh turning toward the God of our fathers, the God of Israel. The ardent outpourings of these ancient Hebrews are thumbed with new interest to find in them the assurance jars or bottle.

Jazz Music Antidote For Blues

Few Instrumentalists Can Achieve Real Article and Meliocre Ones Do Not Even Approach It, Says Connoisseur of This Art

Various descriptions of jazz music have from time to time appeared, but none seem to hit the mark exactly, says a connoisseur of this art. The common impression is that it consists of a lot of peculiar and noisy sounds without rhyme or reason. This is not the case, however. It consists chiefly of syncopation, peculiarly accentuated; variations by some of the instruments; improvisations by others, mingled with odd sound effects. Through all this the melody of the selections rendered must be distinguishable at all times — tin-can noises, beating the life out of the drums, blasting by the brass instruments is entirely unnecessary. Contrasts between pianissimo and fortissimo passages should be shown just as much in jazz music as in the classics.

Another wrong impression is that jazz orchestras must consist of a certain instrumentation. This also is not the case. The violin, cello, cornet, piano, or, in fact, any legitimate instrument, can be used. As jazz music is originally Ethiopian, the banjo and

saxophone are used merely to lend a negro character to it.

The number of musicians that can jazz properly is said to be small, because it really requires good musicians, who must also be endowed with the swing or knack of performing it. Although many of the cafe and theatre orchestras are composed of good musicians, those who can jazz are scarce. On the other hand, many of the self-styled jazz orchestras are misrepresentations, and cannot play the semi-classics or classics adequately. Some cannot perform it properly, and to offset this, resort to noise and discord in imitation thereof. The percentage of musicians who can do justice to the classics and also play jazz is consequently even smaller. This kind of orchestra is exceedingly scarce.

Jazz music is rhythmical and inspiring. It is declared the best antidote for the blues.

THE MERCHANTMAN

(By Morley Roberts in the Westminster Gazette)

The skippers and the mates, they know!
The men aloft or down below
They've heard the news and still they go.

The merchant ships still jog along
By Bay or Cape an endless throng,
As endless as a seaman's song.

The humbler tramps aloft display
The English flag as on the day
When no one troubled such as they.

The lesser ships, barques, schooners, brigs,
A motley crowd of many rigs,
Go on their way like farmers' gigs.

Where Aeolus himself has throned
The big four-master Glasgow owns
Through Trades and Roaring Forties droned.

The lofty liners in their pride,
Stem every current, every tide;
At anchor in all ports they ride.

They steal a Gib, which looks and winks;
Grave Malta sees them as she thinks;
They pass old Egypt's ageless Sphinx.

Socotra knows them: Zanzibar
Mirrors them in its oil: they are
Hove to for pilots near and far.

For them Belle Isle and bright Pen-
march
Shine round the candle through the dark.
They're inside Ushant, or by Stark.

Perim and Ormuz and Cochin
Know them and nod: the mingled din
Of cities where strange idols grin.

The wharves of sea-set Singapore,
Batavia and Colombo's shore
Where over palms the monsoons roar.

The opened ports of shut Japan,
Chemulpo's harbor and Gensan,
Strange places, Chinese, Formosan!

Head hunters watch them in close seas,
Timor, Gilolo, Celebes.
They sail by the New Hebrides.

Their spars are tried by southern gales,
Great alien stars shine on their sails
Set for the breeze or in the brails.

To carry home their golden rape
A thousand courses still they shape
By the lone Horn or windy Cape.

They've seen the hot seas' dreadful drouth,
The bitter sales of Sixty South,
Disasters fell and greedy mouth:

The menace of the berg and floe,
The blindness of the fog and snow,
All these — English seamen know.

From Sydney to San Salvador
They know what they are seeking for:
Their gods are not the gods of war.

And still they calmly jog along
By Bay and Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as some dogwatch song.

THE BELGIAN GREY BOOK

Have, Oct. 5.—The Belgian government has issued a grey book refuting allegations against Belgian civilians contained in the German white book of May, 1915, in which it was charged that Belgian civilians savagely attacked German troops in the early days of the war, and that the measures adopted by the Germans were necessary in the interest of preservation of the German army. According to the grey book, between 40,000 and 50,000 houses were destroyed by the Germans.

of a divine Providence. Words that comforted the Jews of old are still the consolation of Christians. In the bare heart of the Psalmist today's sufferer finds a mirror of his own grief. The comfort of chastened Israel is still the comfort of devout souls. For whatever else may be true of our time, it is certain that God is dealing with us as children, needing correction and education.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Nature is but the name for an effect, whose cause is God.—Cowper.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer.—Farrar.

O Truth is easy, and the light shines clear
In hearts kept open, honest and sincere.

—Abraham Coles.

"The man who can not forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

For as the heavens are high above the earth,
So great is His loving kindness toward them that fear Him.
Ps. 103:11.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom.—Thomas Jefferson.

KEEP MILK COVERED.

Milk particularly deteriorates rapidly under summer heat, especially if it already contains bacteria. Housewives, therefore, should see to it that their milk, after being left by the milkman, does not stand for any length of time on a hot back porch before it is put in the icebox. Milk bottles should be kept closed, both in the icebox and out of it.

All foods should be kept covered or wrapped, and always out of reach of flies which are deadly carriers of typhoid. All vessels, pitchers, etc., in which food is to be stored, should first be scaled. Food should be handled as little as possible. The icebox, especially its drain pipe, should be cleared thoroughly and frequently with boiling water and washing soda and given an occasional airing.

TO DRY CABBAGE.

Select well-developed heads of cabbage.

Remove all loose outside leaves.
Split or cut into strips a few inches long.

Place in square of cheesecloth or wire basket.
Plunge into boiling water for 3 to 5 minutes.

Dip for a moment in cold water.
Drain, and remove surface moisture by placing between towels or by exposing to sun and air for a short time.

Spread thinly on trays or earthenware plates.

Dry in sun, in oven over kitchen stove, or before the electric fan until leathery.

Stir from time to time

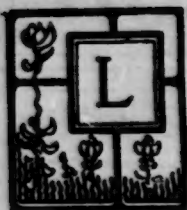
Chili Sauce.

The ingredients for this are 20 sound ripe tomatoes, 3 green peppers from which all seeds have been removed, 3 onions chopped fine and well mixed with the tomatoes and peppers, 2 cups of vinegar, 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of ground cinnamon, 2 tablespoons of ground clove, 2 teaspoons of celery seed. Boil all the ingredients together, then seal in glass or bottle.

MARKING TIME

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



IFE," said Jennie Malloy sadly, "is like a cafeteria. People with fat purses stroll along loadin' their trays with whatever takes their fancy. People with thin purses pass up the

trimmin's an' look for somethin' substantial. It ain't fair."

Lola Parkins pushed her tomato salad away from her and stabbed a fork into her pie a la mode.

"What's wrong with you, anyhow?" she demanded, "ain't your lunch good? 'I'll lend you a quarter if you want to go back for dessert."

Jenny shook her head. Her philosophy was wasted on Lola of the round blue eyes and chestnut hair.

"No," she said wearily, "I thank you, Lola, but I ain't hungry for food. Finish your pie and save your quarter for the movies. I've ate enough."

In aisle 12 of the basement where Jennie and Lola sold hat trimmings they were known as numbers 4 and 5, respectively. Jennie, number 4, had been in the basement three years. Lola, number 5, was a newcomer who had left a perfectly good home and mother in a little Indiana town because she believed the public was tiring of Mary Pickford. After numerous attacks on all the moving picture studios listed in the directory, she had ceased to put her hair up in curlers and agreed to sell feathers in aisle 12 for \$3 a week. It was a comedown, for she had expected to earn five thousand, but she met her disappointment bravely and soled herself with the thought that all artists have lowly beginnings.

Meanwhile feathers were pleasant, if fragile, stepping stones to better things. Lola found a new box of uncurled ostrich plumes lying on the counter when she returned from lunch, and she gave a little, childish shriek of delight.

"Jenny, Jenny!" she chirped. "Look at these long white birds! Ain't they beauties? I'm goin' to buy one for my rose turban."

She peered cautiously about to be sure a floor walker was nowhere in sight, and then balanced an untrimmed shape on her pretty head.

"I'll put the feathers across the front—so."

Her slender fingers grasped the plume and twisted it deftly about the crown of the hat. In an instant, it seemed, the \$1.95 shape was transformed into a chic creation, worthy of the French section. Jenny, hands thrust deep in the pockets of her saffron apron, stared at Lola in frank admiration.

"It beats all how you get yourself up," she said softly. "You got style, Lola Parkins, an' plenty of it."

NATURALLY, aisle 12 was an inauspicious place for a style show. In the first place it was too crowded, and in the second place it was ruled by a genuine pussy-foot floorman. He came swiftly around the corner at the moment Jennie was complimenting Lola, and his lips set in a grim smile.

"Plenty of style," he echoed, as Lola's guilty eyes turned in his direction. "You may have plenty of style, Miss Parkins, but I'm afraid you haven't other qualities more desirable in saleswomen. I can't keep a girl who wastes her time as you do. Perhaps you'd better go."

Lola, crimson to the ears, put up her trembling hands and lifted the ruinous hat off her head.

"A'right," she murmured, meekly.

"Wait!"

A stout, flashily-dressed woman elbowed her way past the floorman and caught Lola by the wrist.

"I want you," she said in a querulously accented English. "I am Madame Juliette. You know me, don't you? how you say, tres bien! Come! I shall pay you well."

Lola gasped.

"Come!" the woman insisted, "I take you to my shop on the avenue. You wear my hats, mes chapeaux, and I pay you well. Come, mon enfant."

Lola needed no further persuasion. With a dazed backward glance at the pussy-foot floorman and the awe-stricken Jennie, she trotted down aisle 12 in the wake of Madame Juliette.

"This place beats all," Jennie murmured as her friend disappeared. "Girls may come an' girls may go, but I stay on forever. I haven't ever the luck to get fired."

Privates seldom give orders, but Andy gave one that surprised himself and the girl he loved—and they lived happily ever after!

She was still meditating on Lola's good fortune when the 5:30 bell rang and Andrew Tompkins, who worked in the shoe section, came to ride home with her.

Andrew was a tall, lean youth, with a mop of black hair and a kindly mouth. He smiled as he steered Jennie through the crowd and landed her on a street car.

"Lola ain't the only one who had good luck today," he confided. "My sales have been the highest in the department for six months now, an' the boss is beginnin' to notice it. How would you like it, Jennie, if I got a raise some day soon?"

Jennie looked up at his boyish face and flushed a little.

"I'd be awful glad," she said simply. "You've worked hard, Andy, an' you deserve all that's comin' to you."

Q Q Q

THEY ate supper together and went to the movies. Under cover of darkness he held her hand and squeezed it tightly when Francis Bushman kissed Beverly Bayne. Andy had never kissed Jennie, but he knew he was going to, some day. For three years she had been his best girl, and just as soon as the promised raise appeared in his pay envelope he would ask her to marry him. Until then—he patted her hand gently and assured himself that he had not long to wait.

On the steps of Jennie's rooming-house he bade her a hasty good night. Her white little face worried him strangely as she told him she was "gettin' discouraged," and he left her before he should yield to the temptation to take her in his arms.

"Not yet," he told himself as he strode away from the rooming-house. "Not yet. I'll make good first an' offer her the real thing. A girl like Jennie doesn't belong in a store. She deserves a home, a regular home."

Maintaining a high record in the shoe section had not been easy, and Andy had sacrificed many things for his ambition. He rose early in the morning and was on hand when the store opened. He cut his luncheon hour in half and lingered after the closing bell rang to put his stock in order. He spent hours memorizing the numbers on the shelves, and prided himself on his ability to "lay his hand" on any shoe that was called for at a minute's notice. Altogether he made it his business to be the most proficient clerk in the section, and he sacrificed other interests. Newspapers, for one thing.

He was too hurried in the morning, too worried at noon and too weary



at night to read the papers. Now and then he scanned the headlines, but he deposited his pennies in the bank more often than on the news-stand. Accordingly, the greatest event in modern history came to pass, and Andy, like others of his kind, frudged through his daily routine, ignorant of the vital meaning of the selective conscription law. He understood vaguely that the Kaiser and President Wilson had "had trouble." He read part of a letter the President had written to Germany, and gathered that the United States was going to defend equal rights and liberty. He saw soldiers in the streets and registered on the day that all men of his age were supposed to register. But he did not think of war.

He thought of Jennie. He thought of her when he woke up in the morning and lay staring at the ugly ceiling on his tiny bedroom. He thought of her as he ate breakfast in a dairy luncheon, and he took a vision of her to the shoe section with him. If he had not been so anxious to make good with his employers he would have spent all day walking up and down aisle 12, but as it was he contented himself with her company during the long summer evenings.

Lola, a glorified, stunning Lola, in a tailored blue suit, black velvet turban and moleskin cape, was the bearer of the tidings which awakened Andy to a fearful realization of approaching disaster. She strolled up to the rooming-house one night on the arm of a man in khaki, and introduced him as Corporal Brown.

"I s'pose Andy will be goin' off to war before long," she sighed, with a sympathetic glance toward Jennie. "It's somethin' terrible the way the boys are bein' called out."

Q Q Q

JENNIE raised perplexed eyebrows. "Called out?" she queried vaguely. "Are they callin' the men to war already?"

Corporal Brown was aghast at the ignorance of Lola's friends. He lit a cigaret and studied the couple before him pityingly.

"Don't you read the papers?" he inquired. "Don't neither of you realize that most of the unmarried men who registered the other day will be headin' for camp in a few weeks? Mr. Tompkins, there, ought to be in a uniform right now."

Andy and Jennie sat on the porch for a long time after Lola and her soldier had gone home. The shock of the news had left them both stunned and silent, and they found a discussion of the problem impossi-

ble. Not until Andy rose to go did they mention the corporal's words.

"That soldier said I ought to be in uniform right now," Andy began dubiously. "I wonder if he's right, Jennie. I—I may have to go soon, anyhow."

Jennie put her hands on Andy's shoulders and smiled bravely.

"Yes," she whispered, "you may."

The days that followed were filled with agonizing doubt for the efficient shoe salesman. He stumbled about in a kind of daze, his mind turning over the unanswerable question. Should he, as the corporal had said, be in uniform? Should he join the men who were fighting to protect all the women and children of his country, or should he marry the girl he loved and take her away from the work that was draining her youth and strength and health? Andy lacked the reasoning powers of men with better trained minds, and the arguments for and against military service chased themselves around and around in his brain like two untamed squirrels in a cage.

The answer came at last. It came in a sealed envelope marked "War Department," and an hour in a doctor's office did the rest. Andrew Tompkins found himself conscripted for service, with no plea for exemption against his name.

The dream was over.

Q Q Q

ANDY told Jennie that he had been chosen, and he did not hold her hand as they sat in the movies that night. He realized that his efforts had been hopelessly wasted, and the only way he could prove his manhood was by giving her up—leaving her free to marry some one else. The idea that Jennie might become another man's wife before he returned from war tortured him, but the thought that she might suffer hunger or want was intolerable. His meager bank account would amount to nothing in case of sickness, and he knew what a private is paid by the government. The dream was over, and he must prove his love by silence.

Jennie, meanwhile, held many secret conferences with Lola. Her usual pallor gave way to a pink, highly becoming flush. If she was disturbed by the news that Andy was ordered off to war she did not show her perturbation. She hummed softly as she sorted trimmings in aisle 12, and whenever the pussy-foot floorman was out of sight she drew little designs on the back of her salesbook. Her actions were a mystery to the girls who worked beside her, but they commented frequently on her changed appearance.

Conscripted men are given twenty-four hours' notice, and the day came when Andy received his orders to pack up and make ready for immediate departure. He handed in his resignation to the head man in the shoe section, donned his uniform and went to say good-by to Jennie Malloy. There was a dangerous tightness in his throat and an aching in the region of his heart, but he told himself that he would make it easy for the girl he loved. She should not even suspect how much he cared.

She was sitting on the porch waiting for him and she flew down the steps to meet him.

"It's good-by, little girl," he said, huskily, as she turned him about admiring his brand new khaki suit. "I go tomorrow."

And then the miracle happened. She did not cry out as he had feared. She put her hands in his and looked up trustingly, smilingly, into his eyes.

"I know it, dear," she said, softly, "my husband leaves tomorrow, an' I'm more proud than sorry. The minister, an' Lola an' another witness are waitin' in the house now. I've arranged for you to get a special license, an' all you have to do is say the word if you're willin' to make Jennie Malloy your wife before you go to war."

Andy gasped.

"But—but—the money," he stammered. "I can't support you, honey."

"Money?" Jennie laughed. "Who cares for money? Besides, all the girls in the store are gettin' a raise next month. Women are goin' to take men's places in business, an' I'm ready to do my bit. It all amounts to this, Andy—do you care? I've thought so for months an' months, but you never said a word. You came here night after night, an' all I could do was mark time. Markin' time, Andy, that's what I've been doin' for the last three years, markin' time!"

Privates seldom give orders, but Andrew Tompkins, standing tall and straight before the girl he had loved so long and so hopelessly, opened his arms and issued a command she would never forget.

"Forward—march!" he whispered. (Copyright, 1917, by J. Keelley)